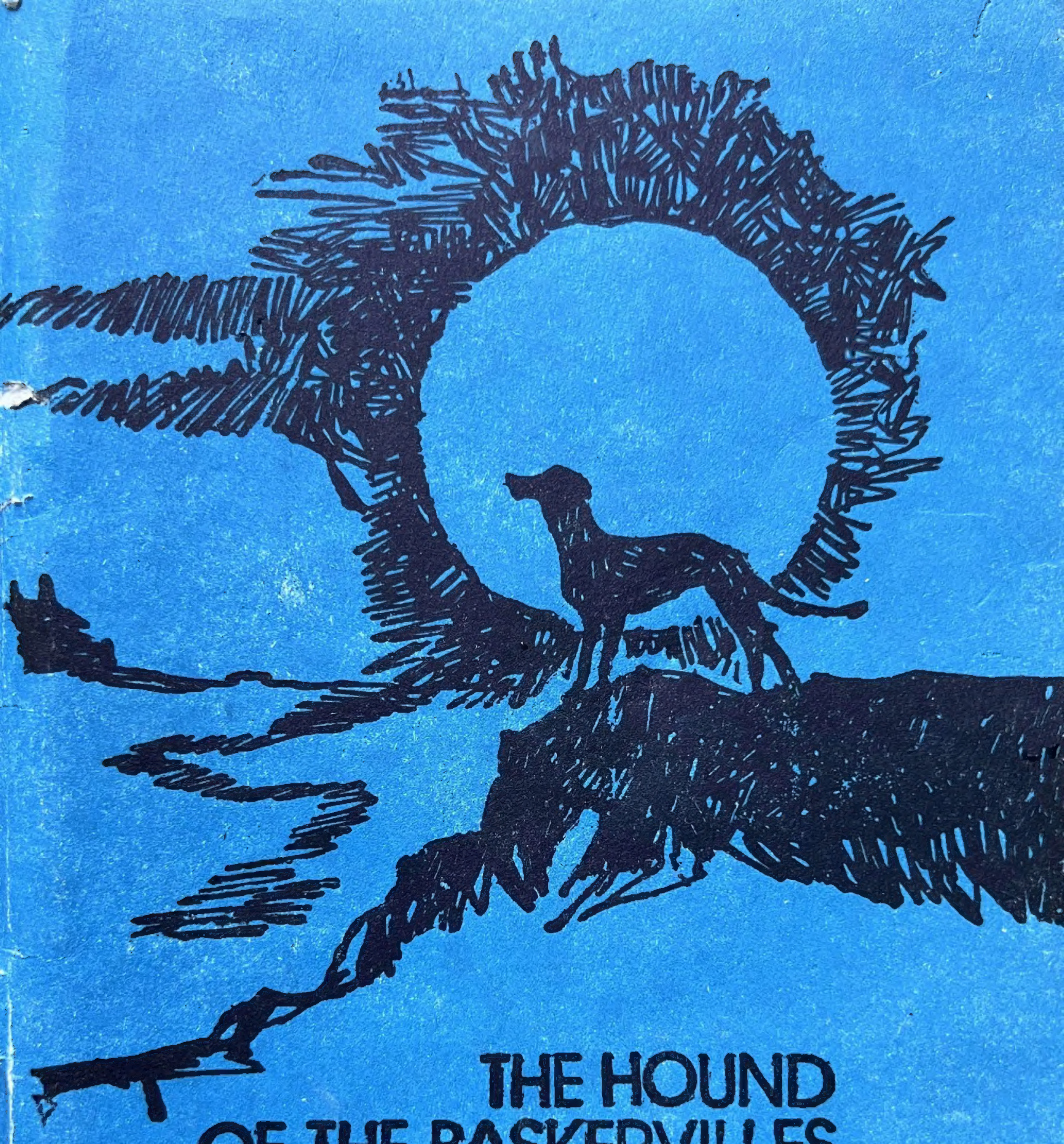

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

English Supplementary Reader-I

CLASS X

The Hound of the Baskervilles

English Supplementary Reader - I

Class X

(English Medium)

By Arthur Conan Doyle

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THE GOVERNMENT OF ANDHRA PRADESH

HYDERABAD

Untouchability is a sin
Untouchability is Irrational
Untouchability is inhuman
Untouchability is anti-national

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TO THE TEACHER

1. Instructional materials

The main Reader, the present Supplementary Reader -1 and Supplementary Reader - II constitute the total package of instructional materials for teaching English in the English medium classes of Standard X.

2. The Objectives

2.1 General Objectives

The main purpose of a course in English at the school level is to help the learner develop into an efficient user of English. At the end of the course (s) he should be able to use English accurately, fluently and appropriately for purpose of communication. This aim is sought to be achieved through

(i) the development of ' language skills ', *viz,* listening, speaking, reading and writing ;

(ii) the mastery of ' language elements ' : speech sounds, words, phrases, sentences and discourse, as well as their structuring ;

(iii) the development of ' communication skills ' involving accuracy, fluency, appropriacy etc. ;

(iv) the inculcation of ' literary skills ', such as the ability to understand, interpret and enjoy poems, plays, etc. ; and

(v) the development of ' study skills ', such as the ability to use a dictionary, reference books, etc.

2.2 Objectives of Supplementary Reader - I

In support of the general objectives, Supplementary Reader -I has the following specific objectives :

(i) to develop extensive reading skills and habits *viz.*, the ability to read silently at maximum possible speed and derive optimum comprehension, and the eagerness to read for pleasure ; and

(ii) to strengthen / supplement some of the language skills the learners practise with the Main Reader, with particular emphasis on developing skills of comprehension, interpretation and composition.

3. The Principles

This Supplementary Reader, as well as the other materials on this course, is based on well-known principles of language teaching. The important ones are outlined below, just to remind you.

3.1 Learning through Use

The best way to teach a language is to make learners use it. Give your learners opportunities to get as much practice as possible in all the language skills, which are :

- the ability to listen to and understand spoken English,
- the ability to speak English,
- the ability to read and understand written English, and
- the ability to write the language.

3.2 Learning through speech

Speech forms the basis for the other skills. Try to present most new material - teaching items, words, etc. - orally first. Oral work - listening and speaking to each other - is a natural and economic means of practising language.

3.3 Learning through reading

The most important language skill to be developed at this level is the skill of reading. The ability to read books in English in order to gain knowledge and gather information is perhaps the main aim of teaching English in the schools of our country. Reading is also the easiest and the quickest way to teach and learn language at this level. This book lays the greatest emphasis on developing the reading skill and on teaching the language through reading. It is also necessary that learners are encouraged to read easy and interesting books, newspapers and articles on a variety of topics outside the classroom. It is hoped that the school library will be able to stock a large number of books suitable for reading at this level.

3.4 Learning through communication

Language is for communication, and the most natural way to learn a language is through using it in communication. Make your learners use language for saying something they want to say - in classroom situations, real and imaginary life-situations, reading passages, and through letters and a variety of other kinds of writing.

3.5 Learning through interaction

The essential feature of communicative teaching and learning is interaction and participation. Every effort should be made to enlist the learner's active participation. Some ways in which this could be done are

- to make the study of the content of the lessons discussion-oriented, rather than through questions and answers ;
- to encourage learners to ask questions on the content of the lessons ;
- to promote group discussions and group writing ;
- to organize role-playing, play-acting, etc ; and
- to employ a variety of problem-solving strategies and techniques.

4. The Novel

4.1 The Supplementary Reader is an abridged version of the well-known classic *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by one of the founders of detective fiction - Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The language of the original has been slightly simplified to suit the level and needs of the learners of English in our country. Care has, however, been taken to retain, as much as possible, the flavour of Conan Doyle's writing.

4.2 The story has been narrated in 15 chapters, closely following the chapterization of the original. A small set of comprehension questions on each chapter is given at the end of the book.

5. The Procedure

The following classroom procedure is suggested for the effective teaching and learning of the Supplementary Reader. These should only be treated as suggestions ; each teacher should modify them to suit his / her individual style of teaching and the special nature of his / her class.

5.1 Prepare to Read

Before the learners start reading there could be a brief discussion in the class. This discussion should be organized in such a way as (*a*) to help the learners to recall the relevant past events in the story for a better understanding of the chapter, and (*b*) to arouse the learners' interest by preparing them to look forward to what they are going to read in the new chapter.

5.2 The Reading

The main purpose of teaching the Supplementary Reader is the development of advanced extensive reading skills. Your learners will have been trained in the use of the various reading strategies for different purposes (rapid reading for total meaning, reading slowly for understanding details, etc.) through a variety of exercises in the earlier classes. In this, the final year of school, learners should be encouraged to employ profitably the training they have received in the earlier years.

5.3 Ask learners to read the whole chapter once — silently and fast. Give them just enough time to finish the reading. It is hoped that your learners have been trained to read *really* silently : no movement of lips, no whispering, no going back and forth, and no running of the pencil or finger along the line.

5.4 It is quite possible that there are a few words they do not understand in the chapter. But do tell them that at this stage they do not have to understand all the words. This might be necessary at the time of a second reading.

5.5 New words

The meanings of a few words that are likely to be unfamiliar to learners and are crucial to the understanding of the story could be explained by you. But limit this to the minimum essential words. If a learner feels the need to know the meanings of more words, (s) he should be urged to make use of a dictionary. This is necessary for developing in your learners self-sufficiency in reading, an ability which will be in great demand once they leave school. It might be harmful if you offer them further help by explaining more and more words, for you will only be depriving your learners of a chance to become independent readers. The ability to make the fullest use of a dictionary is an important study skill that should be developed in your learners. It is hoped that at least a few of your learners already possess copies of an inexpensive but standard dictionary. Encourage the others to buy copies of a good dictionary.

5.6 Comprehension

After the first reading of the chapter by the learners, explain the meanings of a few essential words as suggested in 5.5 above. Encourage learners to use the dictionary, if necessary, at this stage.

Now, discuss the story in class. The comprehension questions suggested at the end of the book will be found useful for this purpose. You will certainly have to use more questions of your own for a good discussion.

5.7 Composition

A few writing tasks related to the plot and characters of the story can be given. Discuss the writing task in detail in class.

In some cases, it is desirable that learners work in small groups in class to make notes, outlines etc., preparatory to actual writing. The actual writing may, as far as possible, be done at home.

In 'correcting' the learners' composition as well as in preparing for it, attention should be paid to the following features :

(i) mechanics : handwriting, spelling, punctuation, etc.

(ii) language : words, sentence structure, grammar, etc.

(iii) content : ideas, facts arguments, etc.

(iv) organization : sequencing, paragraphing, etc.

(v) style : choice of words, variety in sentence structure, etc.

6. Hemework

6.1 You are not likely to find enough class-time to finish all the activities suggested in the book. You will have to ask your learners to do much of the writing, some reading, etc., at home. This is not only necessary to save class-time for discussion and interaction, but is also desirable as a strategy for developing learner-initiative and self-study.

6.2 Make homework a daily feature. But

— do not give too much homework ;

— ensure adequate preparation in class before setting an exercise as homework ;

— spend a few minutes in class every period asking for, discussing and correcting homework.

7. Scheme of Work

7.1 A rough scheme of work for the year is suggested below. It is based on the assumption that you will normally get about 200 periods in the academic year for teaching English. You will certainly have to modify the scheme to suit your class and school.

1. Main Reader	..	95 periods
2. Supplementary Reader - I	..	40 periods
3. Supplementary Reader - II	..	45 periods
4. Other activities (tests, etc.)	..	20 periods

7.2 Each chapter in the book can be taught in about 2 / 3 periods. Some chapters may need more time, others less. Each activity related to a chapter may take roughly the following number of periods. This is just to help you to organise your teaching and is not meant to be followed rigidly.

(i) Preparation, first reading and brief explanation	..	1 period
(ii) Second reading and comprehension	..	1 period
(iii) Discussion of the writing task	..	1 period

HAPPY TEACHING !

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OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

FULL VERSION

Jana gana mana adhinayaka jaya he
Bharatha bhagya-vidhata,
Punjab Sindhu Gujarata Maratha
Dravida Utkala Banga,
Vindhya Himachala Jamuna Ganga
Uchchala jaladhi taranga,
Tava shubha name jage
Tava shubha asisha mange
Gae tava jaya gatha,
Jana gana mangala-dayaka jaya he,
Bharatha bhagya-vidhatha,
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,
Jaya jaya jaya jaya he.

SHORT VERSION

Jana gana mana adhinayaka jaya he
Bharatha bhagya-vidhatha
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,
jaya jaya jaya jaya he.

—— o ——

PLEDGE

" India is my country, all Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country, and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage. I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall give my parents, teachers and all elders respect and treat everyone with courtesy.

To my country and my people, I pledge my devotion.

In their well-being and prosperity alone lies my happiness."

—— o ——

1. MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was seated at the breakfast table. I stood on the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind last night. It was a fine thick piece of wood. Just under the head was a broad silver band. " To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H. 1884 " was engraved on it.

" Well, Watson, what do you think of our visitor's stick ? Since we unfortunately missed him and have no idea of his visit, this accidental souvenir is very important. Can you reconstruct the man after examining the stick ? "

" I think," said I, trying to follow my friend's methods, " that Dr. Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well respected, since those who know him have given him this mark of appreciation."

" Good ! " said Holmes.

" I also think that he is probably a country doctor who does a lot of visiting on foot."

" Why ? "

" Because this stick, originally a very good one, has been knocked around so much that I cannot imagine a town doctor carrying it. The thick iron bottom is worn out, so it is evident that he has done a great deal of walking with it."

" Perfectly sound ! " said Holmes.

" And then again, there is the 'friends of the C.C.H.' I guess that could be the Something Hunt, the local Hunt, to whose members he has possibly given some medical treatment; and they have given him this small presentation in return."

" Really, Watson, you excel yourself," said Holmes. " I must say that in all you have written about me and my small achievements, you have always underrated your own abilities. Some people without actually possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."

Holmes had never praised me so much before and his words gave me keen pleasure. Quite often I had been upset by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud to think that I had mastered his system of deduction and could apply it in a small way to gain his approval. He took the stick from my hand and examined it for a few minutes.

" Interesting, though elementary," he said, as he sat down in his favourite corner. " There are certainly one or two indications on the stick which give us the basis for several deductions."

" I hope I have not overlooked anything of consequence," I said.

" I'm afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were incorrect. When I said that you stimulated me, I meant that in noting your mistakes I was occasionally guided towards the truth. You are not entirely wrong in this case. The man is certainly a country doctor and he walks a lot."

" Then I was right," I said.

" To that extent."

" But that was all."

" No, no, my dear Watson, not all. I think that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from a hospital than from a Hunt. C.C. would naturally suggest Charing Cross."

" You may be right," I said.

" Now if we take this as a working hypothesis, we have a fresh basis from which to construct this unknown visitor."

" Well, supposing C.C.H. does stand for Charing Cross Hospital, what further inferences can we draw ? "

" You know my methods," replied Holmes. " Apply them ! "

" I can think of the only obvious conclusion. This man practised in town before going to the country."

" I think we might venture a little further. What would be the most probable occasion for such a presentation to be made ? Obviously, when he left the hospital to start a private practice. Now, we know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. So, obviously, the presentation was on the occasion of the change."

" It certainly seems probable."

" Now, you'll observe that he couldn't have been on the staff of the hospital. Only a man well settled in a London practice could hold such a position. And, such a person would not move into the country. What was he then ? If he was in a hospital, yet not on the staff, he could only have been a house surgeon or a house physician — a little more than a senior student. And, he left five years ago — the date is on the stick. So, your middle age doctor vanishes into the air and a young fellow under thirty emerges."

" Well," I said laughing, " It's not difficult to find out a few particulars about a man's age and professional career."

From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and found the name. I read his record aloud :

" Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen, Dartmoor, Devon. House surgeon from 1882 to 1884 at Charing Cross Hospital. Medical Officer for the churches of Grimpen, Thorsley and High Barrow."

" No mention of that local Hunt, Watson," said Holmes with a mischievous smile. " But he is a country doctor as you observed. I think I am fairly justified in my inference. Ah ! there's the bell and it's probably the owner of the stick. Don't move, I beg you, Watson. He is a professional brother of yours and your presence could help me. Now is the dramatic moment ! What does Dr. James Mortimer, the man of science, ask of Sherlock Holmes, the specialist in crime ? Come in ! "

I was surprised to see our visitor. I had expected a typical country doctor. He was a very tall and thin man. He had a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between the two keen grey eyes set closely together and shining behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. Though he was young, his

long back had a stoop and he walked with a forward thrust of his head. As he entered he spotted the stick in Holmes' hand. He ran towards it with an exclamation of joy. " I am so happy to find it here," he said. " I was not sure if I had left it here or in the shipping office. I would not lose that stick for the world."

" A presentation from Charing Cross Hospital ? " questioned Holmes.

" Yes, sir."

" Then we were right, Watson ! said Holmes. " By the way, this is my friend, Dr. Watson. And now, Dr. James Mortimer, I presume you have a problem."

" I came to you, Mr. Holmes, because I'm an unpractical man myself and am suddenly confronted with a most serious and extraordinary problem."

" In that case, I think, Dr. Mortimer," said Holmes, " you'd be wise to tell me plainly what the problem is."

Exercise

1. How does Dr. Watson guess that the visitor is a doctor ? Is he right ?

2. " Really, Watson, you excel yourself. I must say that in all you have written about me and my small achievements, you have always underrated your own abilities. Some people without actually possessing genuis have a remarkable power of stimulating it." What dose Holmes mean by this ?

3. " I would not lose that stick for the world." Who says this ? Why ?

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2. THE CURSE OF THE BASKERVILLES

" I have in my pocket an old manuscript, dated 1742," said Dr. Mortimer taking it out of his breast pocket. " This family paper was given to me by Sir Charles Baskerville, whose sudden and tragic death caused much excitement in Devonshire. I was his doctor and his personal friend. He was a strong-minded man, shrewd, practical and imaginative. Yet he took this document very seriously and was prepared for the death that eventually overtook him."

Holmes took the paper from Dr. Mortimer and spread it on his knee. I looked over his shoulder at the yellow paper and faded script. " Baskerville Hall " was written right on top and below it in large figures " 1742 ".

" It appears to be a statement," said Holmes.

" Yes," said Dr. Mortimer, " it is a statement of a certain legend which runs in the Baskerville family. It is a short manuscript and is connected with the affair about which I wish to consult you. Could I read it out to you ? "

Holmes leaqned back in his chair and closed his eyes. This is the strange, old-world narrative that Dr. Mortimer read out :

" There have been many statements about the origin of the Hound of the Baskervilles. But I am the direct descendant of Hugo Baskerville. I have heard this story from my father, who in turn heard it from his own. I believe it was true, that is why I have written it down. And I hope my sons too will believe it. During the Great Rebellion, this Manor of Baskerville belonged to Hugo. He was a wild, worldly and godless man. It so happened that Hugo fell in love with a neighbouring landowner's daughter. But this girl avoided him as she was frightened of his evil reputation. So one day, Hugo and a few of his wicked friends, went to the farm and carried the girl away. (Her father and brothers were away at the time.) They brought her back to the

Manor and locked her up in a room upstairs. Hugo and his friends then sat and drank downstairs in their usual fashion. The girl was very frightened and did the only thing she could think of. She escaped from the room by climbing down the ivy growing on the south wall. On reaching the ground she started towards her home across the moor. The distance between her father's farm and the Manor was about 9 miles. A little later Hugo left his friends and went upstairs. He took some food and drink for the girl. On opening the door he found the room empty. He was overcome with rage. He ran downstairs into the dining room, jumped on to the table and shouted to everyone that he would destroy himself if he did not overtake the girl. All his friends stood terrified at his fury. One of them, more wicked and drunk than the others, said that the hounds should be put on her. Hugo ran from the house asking the grooms to saddle his mare and set loose the hounds. He gave the hounds the girl's handkerchief, jumped on to his mare and set off across the moor.

Hugo's companions stood aghast not being able to understand what was happening. Soon they realized what had happened and what could happen on the moorlands. Some sense returned to their crazed minds and they followed in pursuit on horseback.

They had gone a mile or two when they passed a night shepherd. They asked him if he had seen a hunting party. The shepherd was so frightened that he could hardly speak, but at last he said that he had seen a girl running, with the hounds following her. He added that what was worse was that he had seen Hugo Baskerville on his black mare, followed silently by a fearfully huge hound. The drunken friends rode on, and were now very frightened as they had just seen the black mare gallop across the moor with an empty saddle. At last they reached the hounds. These hounds, though known for their bravery, were

whimpering and looking down into the narrow valley before them.

The company stopped, but three of them, the boldest or the most drunk, rode down into the valley which opened into a broad space. The moon was shining brightly and there in the centre lay the girl dead. Hugo was lying dead next to her. However, it was not the sight of the two bodies which frightened the three drunks. Bending over Hugo and plucking his throat stood a great black beast larger than any hound anyone had seen. Seeing this, the three shrieked with horror and rode swiftly across the moor, screaming all the way. Such is the story of the coming of the hound which has troubled the family ever since. Many members of the family have had unhappy deaths which have been sudden, bloody and mysterious. Hence, I advise you to refrain from crossing the moor at night.

[This is from Hugo Baskerville to his sons, Rodger and John, with the instruction that they should not tell their sister Elizabeth about it.]

When Dr. Mortimer had finished reading he looked at Sherlock Holmes, who yawned and tossed his cigarette into the fire.

" Well ? " said Holmes.

" Is it not interesting ? " asked Dr. Mortimer.

" Only to a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Mortimer took out a folded newspaper from his pocket. " Now, Mr. Holmes, I'll read you something more recent. This is the Devon County Chronicle of 14th May of this year." Dr.. Mortimer adjusted his eyeglasses and started reading :

" The recent sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville has cast a gloom over the county." Though he had lived at the Baskerville Hall for a very short time, his friendly and

generous nature had won the affection and love of all who had been in contact with him. It is well known that Sir Charles made a large sum of money in South Africa. Two years ago he moved into the Baskerville Hall. As he was childless himself, it was his openly expressed desire that the whole countryside should benefit from his good fortune. Hence, the large schemes of reconstruction and improvement he had planned have come to a stop due to his untimely death.

The circumstances connected with Sir Charles' death have not entirely been cleared by the inquest, but enough has been done to stop the rumours which local superstition had started. There is no reason to suspect foul play or to imagine that his death was unnatural. Sir Charles was a widower and had simple habits. He had a married couple named Barrymore to look after his house, the husband being the butler and the wife the housekeeper. Their statement, confirmed by several friends, shows that Sir Charles had not been well for some time. He had heart trouble and had acute attacks of nervous depression. Dr. James Mortimer, a friend and doctor of Sir Charles, has given the same evidence.

The facts of the case are very simple. Every night Sir Charles Baskerville went out for a walk down the Yew Alley of the Hall. It was a habit he had developed. On the 4th of May he had declared that he would leave for London the next morning. He asked Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out for his usual walk, smoking a cigar as was his habit. He never returned. It had been a wet day and Sir Charles' footprints could be followed down the Alley. Half way down the path there is a gate which leads to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles stood here for some time. He then walked further down the Alley, and it was at the end of the Alley that his body was found. One fact in Barrymore's statement has not been explained. After leaving the moorgate Sir Charles appeared to have been walking on his toes. No signs of violence could be seen on his body, though the doctor's reports said that Sir Charles' face was deformed,

which is not unusual in deaths caused by heart failure. The postmortem also showed a long-standing organic disease and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical report. It is well that the above verdict was passed as it is important that Sir Charles' heir should settle at the house and continue the good work. Had the dull findings of the coroner not put an end to the rumours about Sir Charles' death, it would have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. The only close relation of Sir Charles, if he is still alive, is Mr. Henry Baskerville, son of Sir Charles' younger brother. Mr. Henry, when last heard of, was in America. Inquiries are being made to inform him of his inheritance."

Dr. Mortimer refolded the paper and put it in his pocket.

" Those are the public facts concerning Sir Charles' death," said Dr. Mortimer looking at Holmes.

" Thank you for telling me all this, but could I have the private facts," said Sherlock Holmes.

" In doing so," said Dr. Mortimer, " I'm telling you something no one else knows. The reason why I did not say this is in court is it would have seemed ridiculous that a man of science should believe such superstitions. Also, no one would want to rent Baskerville Hall if anything else were added to its already grim reputation. Keeping both these reasons in mind, I said nothing but there is no reason why I should not tell *you* about it.

" There are very few people living on the moor and those who live near each other become rather friendly. For this reason I saw Sir Charles quite a lot. With the exception of Mr. Frankland of Lafter Hall, Mr. Stapleton the naturalist and his rather attractive sister, there are no educated people within many miles. Sir Charles was a very old man but his illness brought us together.

" Within the last few months it was plain to me that Sir Charles was close to a nervous breakdown. He began to

believe the legend, which I read to you, so much so that though he walked in his own grounds he would never go out into the moor at night. Incredible as it may seem to you, Mr. Holmes, he was convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family. He was haunted by some ghostly presence. He would often ask me if I had ever seen any strange creature at night or if I had heard the baying of a hound. I remember driving up to his house one evening, about three weeks before his death. He was standing at the hall door. I got off my carriage and was standing before him, when I saw him staring past me over my shoulders. He looked very frightened. I turned round and was just in time to see some sort of a large black calf walking away. Sir Charles was so alarmed that I had to walk to the spot to look around for the animal. It was gone, but it left Sir Charles very much frightened. I stayed with him the whole evening and it was on that day that he gave me the narrative which I read to you earlier.

" I knew that he had a bad heart and his constant anxiety was having a bad effect on it. So I advised him to go to London for a change and some peace of mind. Mr. Stapleton, a mutual friend, was of the same opinion. Sir Charles did agree to go to London, but before he could go he died.

" On the night Sir Charles died, Barrymore sent Perkins the groom to get me. I was still awake and reached the Hall within an hour. I checked and confirmed all the facts that were mentioned at the inquest. I followed Sir Charles' footprints down the Alley and reached the moorgate, where he seems to have waited. I remarked about the change in the shape of the footprints from this point onwards. There were no other footprints apart from Barrymore's on the soft gravel. Then I examined the body, which had not been touched till I came. Sir Charles was lying on his face, his arms stretched out and fingers dug into the ground. His face was so disfigured that I could not recognise him. There were no physical injuries on him. But Barrymore made one false statement at the inquest. He said that there were no traces on the ground around Sir

Charles' body. He did not observe any. But I did – some fresh and clear footprints a little away from the body."

" A man's or a woman's ? " enquired Holmes.

Dr. Mortimer looked at us strangely and whispered, " Mr. holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound ! "

Exercise

1. When Hugo discovered that his prisoner had escaped, what did he do ?
2. According to the *Devon County Chronicle*, how did Sir Charles die ? Does Dr. Mortimer agree with this version ?
3. What is the private fact that Sherlock Holmes wants Dr. Mortimer to tell him? Why didn't Dr. Mortimer tell the jury this ?

Here are a few sentences which tell us how Sir Charles met with his death. However, they are jumbled. Can you rearrange them in the right order ?

(a) The doctor's report said that he had died of heart failure.

(b) Half way down the Alley he stopped at a small wicket gate.

(c) On his doctor's advice Sir Charles was going to London for a change.

(d) That night Sir Charles went for his usual walk down the Yew Alley.

(e) He then walked further down the Alley and it was at the end of the Alley that his body was found.

(f) So, on the 4th of May he asked Barrymore to pack his on luggage as he was leaving the next morning.

1. On his doctor's advice Sir Charles was going to London for a change.
2. _____
3. _____

—— o ——

3. THE PROBLEM

I shivered when I heard Dr. Mortimer's last words. But Holmes leaned forward in excitement and his eyes shone with interest.

" You saw this, yet you didn't say anything ? " he asked.

" What was the use ? "

" How was it that no one else saw these footprints ? " asked Holmes.

" The marks were about twenty metres from the body and I too would not have seen them, had I not known about the legend," replied Dr. Mortimer.

" They could have belonged to a sheep dog," said Holmes.

" No, because these marks were enormous."

" But it had not approached the body ? " asked Holmes.

" No," replied Dr. Mortimer.

" What is the Alley like ? " asked Holmes.

" There are two lines of old hedge, four metres high and implenetrable. The walk in the centre is two metres across and there is a strip of grass about two metres broad on either side."

" I understand that there is one opening in the hedge," said Holmes.

" Yes, the wicket-gate which leads to the moor," replied Dr. Mortimer, " but there is no other opening."

" So," said Holmes, " to reach the Alley one has to either come down it from the house or enter it by the moor-gate."

" There is an exit through the summer house at the far end."

" Had Sir Charles reached this ? "

" No, replied Dr. Mortimer.

" Now tell me something, Dr. Mortimer, it is very important. Was the wicket-gate closed ? "

" Yes, closed and padlocked."

" How high is it ? " asked Holmes.

" About one metre high," said Dr. Mortimer.

" Then anyone could have jumped over it ? " asked Holmes.

" Yes."

" What marks did you see by the wicket-gate ? "

" None in particular. It was all confused. Sir Charles had stood there for five or ten minutes."

" How do you know that ? " asked Holmes.

" Because ash had dropped twice from his cigar."

" Excellent ! This is a colleague, Watson, after our own heart. But tell me about the marks, Dr. Mortimer."

" These enormous footprints were all over that small patch of gravel. I couldn't make out any other."

Sherlock Holmes struck his hand against his knee impatiently and said, " If only I had been there ! This is really an interesting case. I could have read so much on that gravel page. It will all be smudged by rain and the footprints of curious peasants. Oh, Dr. Mortimer, why didn't you contact me earlier ? "

" I could not call you in, Mr. Holmes, without disclosing these facts to the public. Besides, there are some spheres where even the best and most experienced detectives are helpless."

" You mean that the thing is supernatural ? " asked Holmes.

" Since the death of Sir Charles, I have heard of several incidents which are hard to believe," said Dr. Mortimer.

" Can you give me an example ? "

" I find that before this **ghostly** incident occurred, several people had seen a creature on the moor which resembles the Baskerville demon, and which could not possibly be any animal known to science. They all said that it was a huge creature, bright and weird. I have cross-examined these men, one of them a hard-headed countryman, another a farrier and the third a moorland farmer. They all tell the same story of this ghostly figure corresponding closely to the Baskerville hound. I can assure you that the whole district lives in terror and no one will go out on the moor at night."

" And you, a doctor, believe it to be supernatural ? " asked Holmes.

" I don't know what to believe," said Dr. Mortimer.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders and said, " I have always confined my investigations to this world. In a modest way I have opposed evil but to fight the Devil himself would be a bit too ambitious. Yet you agree that the footprints were material."

" The original hound was material enough to kill a man, yet he was a devil," said Dr. Mortimer.

" I see that you have begun believing in supernatural things. But tell me, Dr. Mortimer, if you have these views, why have you come to consult me at all ? "

" Because I would like to know what to do with Mr. Henry Baskerville. He arrives at Waterloo Station in exactly an hour and a quarter."

" He is the heir ? " asked Holmes.

" Yes. After Sir Charles died we inquired about this young man. We found that he had been farming in Canada. He has a clean record. What I say now is not as a doctor but as a trustee and executor of Sir Charles' will."

" I presume there is no other claimant ? " asked Holmes.

" None," replied Dr. Mortimer. " The only other relative we were able to trace, was Sir Charles' youngest brother, Rodger Baskerville. I've heard he was the exact image of Hugo Baskerville. He left London for Central America and died there. Henry is the son of Sir Charles' second brother and the last Baskerville. Now, Mr. Holmes, can you advise me what to do with him ? "

" Why can't he go to his ancestral home ? " inquired Holmes.

" It seems very natural, doesn't it ? Yet every Baskerville who goes there dies. I'm sure if Sir Charles had met me before his death, he would have advised me not to bring the heir to his great wealth to that deadly place. Also, the prosperity of the poor people in the area depends on Sir Henry's presence. All the good work done by Sir Charles will crash to the ground if there is no one to continue it."

Holmes thought for a while and said, " In your opinion there is evil in Dartmoor, which makes it unsafe for Sir Henry to stay there ? "

" There is some evidence that it is possible."

" But if your supernatural theory is correct, evil could get him in London as easily in Devonshire. It is hard to believe in a devil with just local powers ! "

" You treat the matter lightly, Mr. Holmes. You wouldn't do so, if you were brought into personal contact with these things. You think that Sir Henry will be as safe in Devonshire as in London. What do you think I should do ? "

" I think that you should take a cab, go to Waterloo and meet Sir Henry Baskerville," said Holmes. " Don't say anything to him till I have decided what to do."

" How long will you take to make up your mind ? " asked Dr. Mortimer.

" Twenty-four hours," replied Holmes. " Tomorrow at 10 O' clock come and see me. Also bring Sir Henry with you."

" I'll do that, Mr. Holmes," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Thank you. Good morning." Saying this, Holmes returned to his seat with a quiet and satisfied look, which meant that he had a congenial task before him.

" Going out, Watson ? " asked Holmes.

" Yes, unless you need my help," I said.

" No, my dear fellow, I only turn to you in the hour of action. It'd suit me fine if you did not return before evening. We could then compare notes about the case presented to us this morning," answered Holmes.

I knew that Holmes needed solitude and seclusion in those hours of intense mental concentration. He would think over the whole matter again, construct alternative theories, and weigh them against each other. Then he would decide which points were important and which immaterial. Hence I spent the day at my club and returned to Baker Street at 9 O' clock.

On entering the sitting room I saw it was full of smoke. For a moment I thought the room was on fire. Through the haze of tobacco smoke I saw Holmes in his dressing gown, sitting in an armchair with a pipe between his lips.

" You have been at your club all day," said Holmes.

" Certainly, but how... ? " I inquired.

He laughed at my confused expression and said, " Watson, you have a delightful freshness about you, which makes it a

pleasure to use my small powers on you. A gentleman goes out on a rainy and muddy day. He returns in the evening clean and the gloss still on his hat and boots. Therefore, he has been a ' fixture ' all day. He doesn't have any close friends. Where, then, could he have been ? Isn't it obvious ? "

" Well, it is rather obvious," I said.

" Where do you think *I've* been ? " asked Holmes.

" A fixture too," I retorted.

" On the contrary," replied Holmes, " I've been to Devonshire."

" In spirit ? " I asked.

" Exactly. My body has remained in this chair and consumed two pots of coffee and an incredible amount of tobacco. After you left, I asked Stanford to get me the map of this portion of the moor, and my Spirit has roamed over it all day. I flatter myself that I could find my way about."

He unrolled one section of the map and said, " Here you have the district which concerns us. That is Baskerville Hall in the middle."

" With a wood round it ? " I asked.

" Exactly. I think the Yew Alley, though not marked under that name, is along this line and the moor is on its right. This small group of buildings here is the hamlet of Grimpen where our friend Dr. Mortimer lives. Within a radius of five miles there are very few houses. Here is Lafter Hall. Here's a house where perhaps Stapleton the naturalist lives. Here are the two moorland farm houses, High Tor and Foulmire. Fourteen miles away is the great prison of Princetown. Between and around these scattered dwellings is the desolate and lifeless moor. And it is here that the tragedy took place."

" It Must be a wild place," I said.

" Yes," said Holmes, " the setting is right for such a difficult problem. We are faced with two questions. Firstly, has any crime been committed at all ? Secondly, what is the crime and how was it committed ? Of course, if Dr. Mortimer's guess is right and we are dealing with supernatural forces, our investigations end here. But we must exhaust all the other suppositions before believing in this one. Have you thought about this case at all ? "

" Yes," said I, " I have given it a good deal of thought during the day."

" What do you think ? " asked Holmes.

" It is very confusing," said I.

" It certainly has a character of its own. There are points of distinction about it. That change in the footprints, for example. What do you think of that ? "

" Mortimer told us that that the man had walked on tiptoe down that portion of the Alley," I said.

" He only repeated what someone said at the inquest. Why should a man walk on tiptoe down the Alley ? " countered Holmes.

" What then ? " I asked.

" He was running desperately for his life, running till he fell down dead upon his face," said Holmes.

" Running from what ? " I asked.

" That's what we have to solve," said Holmes. " There are indications that the man was frightened even before he began to run."

" How can you say that ? " I asked.

" I am presuming that most probably the cause of his fear came to him across the moor. If that were so, only a man who lost his wits would have run *from* the house instead of *towards* it. Again, for whom and why was he waiting in the Yew Alley rather than in his own house ? "

" You think he was waiting for someone ? " I asked.

" The man was elderly and sick. We can understand his taking an evening walk, but the ground was damp and the weather was bad. Is it then natural for him to stand for five to ten minutes, as Dr. Mortimer deduced ? " asked Holmes.

" But he went out every evening," I said.

"It is unlikely that he waited at the moor-gate every evening. The evidence shows that he avoided the moor. The night before he was to leave for London he waited there. The thing takes shape, Watson. It becomes coherent. Could you hand me my violin, please. We will postpone all further discussion of this business until we meet Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville in the morning."

Exercise

1. Can you describe the Yew Alley ?
2. After Dr. Mortimer leaves Baker Street, Watson also goes out. Why ?
3. Why does Dr. Mortimer feel that " the thing is supernatural " ?
4. How does Sherlock Holmes come to the conclusion that Sir Charles had been frightened even before he began to run ?

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4. SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE

As soon as the clock struck ten, Dr. Mortimer was shown into our room. Sir Henry Baskerville followed behind him. He was a small, alert and dark-eyed man, about thirty years of age. He had a strong build and a fighter's face. He wore a reddish tweed suit and had the weather-beaten appearance of one who has spent most of his time in the open air. Yet there was something about his looks that suggested a noble birth.

" This is Sir Henry Baskerville," said Dr. Mortimer.

" Why, yes, " said Sir Henry, " it is strange, Mr. Holmes, that if my friend had not suggested our coming to see you, I should have come on my own. I believe you solve little puzzles. I have one this morning and I am unable to think it out."

" Do sit down, Sir Henry, " said Holmes. " Do you mean to say that you have yourself had some remarkable experience since you arrived in London ? "

" It's not very important, Mr. Holmes, only a joke. I received this letter this morning," said Sir Henry.

He put an envelope on the table and we all bent over it. It was of common quality and greyish in colour. The address " Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel " was printed in rough characters. The post mark of Charing Cross was on it and it had been posted the previous evening.

" Who knew that you were going to Northumberland Hotel ? " asked Holmes.

" No one could have known," replied Sir Henry. " We decided after I met Dr. Mortimer."

" But Dr. Mortimer was already staying there, " Said Holmes.

" No, " said the doctor. " I was staying with a friend and there was no indication that we intended to go to this hotel."

" Hm ! Someone seems very interested in your movements." Saying this Holmes took from the envelope a half sheet of foolscap paper folded into four. He opened it and spread it flat on the table. Across the middle of it, a single sentence had been formed by pasting printed words. It said, " As you value your life or your reason keep away from the moor." The word ' moor ' was the only one printed in ink.

" Now, " said Sir Henry, " can you tell me what this letter means and who is so interested in my affairs ? "

" What do you think about this letter. Dr. Mortimer ? " asked Holmes." There isn't anything supernatural about this, is there ? "

" No, sir," said Dr. Mortimer. " But it could have been sent by someone who is convinced that the business is supernatural."

" What business ? " asked Sir Henry sharply. " It seems you all know more than I do about my affairs."

" You will know everything before you leave this room, Sir Henry, " said sherlock Holmes. "But right now, with your permission, we will discuss this very interesting document which must have been put together and posted yesterday evening. Have you yesterday's *Times,* Watson ? "

" It is here in the corner, " I said.

" Could I have it, the page with the leading articles ? " said Holmes. He glanced swiftly over it and said, " Capital article, this is on Free Trade. Allow me to read you an extract from it. ' You may be cajoled into imagining that your own special trade

or your own industry will be encouraged by a protective tariff, but it stands to reason that such legislation must in the long run keep away wealth from the country, diminish the value of our imports and lower the general conditions of life on this is and '. What do you think of that, Watson ? " asked Holmes rubbing his hands together with satisfaction.

Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville looked at me with puzzled eyes.

" I don't know much about tariff and those things," said Sir Henry. " But we've gone off the trail a bit, haven't we ? "

" On the contrary. Sir Henry, " Said Holmes, " we are very much on the right trail. Watson knows my methods. But I am afraid he too has not been able to understand anything."

" No, " I said. " I cannot see any connection at all. "

" Yet, my dear Watson, the connection is so close that one is extracted out of the other " replied Holmes. " ' you ', 'your ', ' your ', ' life ', ' reason ', ' value ', ' keep away ', ' from the'. Don't you see where these words have been taken from ? "

" By thunder, you're right, " said Sir Henry, " That is really very smart of you. "

" Really, Mr. Holmes, this exceeds my imagination, " said Dr. Mortimer, looking at Holmes in amazement. " Anyone could have said that the words were taken from a newspaper ; but you have not only named the newspaper but have also told us the article from which they have been taken. It is a remarkable thing. How did you do it ? "

" This is my special hobby. To me there is a big difference between a middle class type of a *Times* article and

the untidy print of a cheap evening paper. To detect these types is the most elementary job of an expert in crime. A *Times* leader is very distinct and these words could not have been taken from anywhere else. As it was done yesterday, it is possible that we should find the words in yesterday's issue."

"You mean to say that someone has cut these words from a newspaper and pasted it on to the paper. That I understand, but why is the word 'moor' been written ?" asked Sir Henry.

"Because he could not find it in the newspaper. The other words are simple and could be found in any issue, but 'moor' is a less common word." replied Holmes.

"Yes, of course, that explains everything. Have you read anything else in the message, Mr. Holmes ?" asked Sir Henry.

"There are one or two more indications, and a lot of trouble has been taken to remove all the clues. As you can see, the address is printed in rough characters. The *Times* is a newspaper which is usually read by highly educated people. We can therefore imagine that the letter was composed by an educated man who wished to pretend to be and uneducated one. That he has tried to hide his own handwriting suggests that the writing might be known to you or come to be known by you. Again you will notice that the words are not gummed in a straight line ; some are higher than the others. This could suggest carelessness or hurry on the person's part. I think I would believe in the latter view. Since the matter is an important one, it is unlikely the person who composed this letter would be careless. If he was in a hurry, we are faced by an interesting question : why should he be in a hurry ? Any letter posted early in the morning would reach Sir Henry before he left the hotel. Did the composer fear an interruption — and from whom ?"

"We are doing a lot of guess-work," said Dr. Mortimer.

"You could say we are balancing all the possibilities in order to choose the one most likely," said Holmes. "It is the scientific use of the imagination, but we have always some material basis to start our guess-work. And now, Sir Henry, has anything else interesting happened to you since you've been in London ?"

"Why no, Mr. Holmes. I don't think so," replied Sir Henry.

"You haven't noticed anyone follow you or watch you ?" asked Holmes.

"Why should anyone follow or watch me ?" asked Sir Henry.

"We'll tell you that later, but you have nothing more to tell us ?" asked Holmes.

"Well, it depends on what you think worth telling," said Sir Henry.

"I think anything other than the normal routine of life is worth telling," said Holmes.

Sir Henry smiled and said, "I don't know much about British life as I have spent nearly all my time in the States and in Canada. But I've lost one of my boots and I hope that is not a normal routine of life here !"

"You have lost one of your boots ?" asked Holmes.

"Well, mislaid it, I suppose," replied Sir Henry. "I put both outside my door last night. In the morning I found only one there. I could get no sense out of the chap who cleans them. The worst part is that I bought them last night and have never worn them."

"You mean, as soon as you arrived in London yesterday, you went out and bought yourself a pair of boots ?" asked Holmes.

"I did a lot of shopping," replied Sir Henry. "Dr. Mortimer went around with me. Among other things, I bought these boots for which I paid six dollars ; and now one is stolen even before I've worn them !"

"It seems rather useless to steal one boot," said Sherlock Holmes. "I think you'll find your missing boot soon."

"And now, gentlemen," said Sir Henry, "I have spoken enough. I hope you will keep your promise and tell me whatever else there is to know."

"Your request is a very reasonable one," answered Holmes. "Dr. Mortimer, could you tell Sir Henry the story you told us."

Thus encouraged, Dr. Mortimer drew his papers from his pocket and repeated all he had told us the previous day. Sir Henry listened with deept attention and gave and occasional exclamation of surprise.

"Well, I seem to have come into an inheritance with a vengeance," said Sir Henry after he had heard the long narration. "Of course, I have heard of the hound, since I was a kid. It's a favourite story of the family, though I've never believed in it before. But you haven't as yet decided whether my uncle's death was a natural death or a murder ?"

"That's right," said Holmes. "And now we have to decide whether or not it is safe for you to go to Baskerville Hall."

"Why shouldn't I go ?" asked Sir Henry.

"There seems to be danger there," replied Sherlock Holmes.

"Do you mean danger from this legendary family hound or from human beings," asked Sir Henry.

"Well, that's what we have to find out," replied Homes.

"Whichever it is, my answer is fixed," said Sir Henry. "No hound or human being can prevent me from going into my ancestral home. This is my final answer". His face was flushed to a red. It was evident that the Baskerville temper still existed in this last Baskerville living member. "Anyway," said he, "I have had no time to think over all that you have told me. It is difficult for any person to have to understand and decide on anything in one sitting. I would like to be by myself for an hour to make up my mind. It's half past eleven now and I'm going back to my hotel immediately. If you, Mr. Holmes, and your friend Watson could lunch with me at 2 O'clock, I can give you my decision."

"Is that convenient to you, Watson," asked Holmes.

"Perfectly," I replied.

"Then we meet at two O'clock," said Holmes. "Au revoir, and good morning !"

We heard our visitors leave the house and the front door bang. In an instant Holmes changed from a disinterested dreamer into a man of action.

"Your hat and boots, Watson, and be quick," cried Holmes and he rushed into his room. He was out in a few seconds dressed. We ran down the stairs into the street. Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry were still in sight about two hundred yards ahead of us.

We followed them quickly till we had decreased the distance between our visitors and ourselves. Then keeping about a hundred yards behind them we followed them into Oxford Street and then

down Regent Street. Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry stopped once and stared into a shop window. Holmes did the same. An instant later he gave an exclamation, and following the direction of his eyes, I saw that a hansom cab with a man in it, which had stopped earlier, on the other side of the road, was moving on slowly.

"That's our man, Watson," cried Holmes. "Come ! Let's take a good look at him."

At that moment the man in the cab, who had a bushy black beard turned and stared at us through the cab window. Instantly the top of the cab was closed and the man in it screamed something to the driver and the cab moved on with great speed. Holmes looked around for another cab, but no empty one was in sight. He then ran after the cab but it was already out of sight as the start was too great.

Holmes returned panting and looking pale with anger. "What bad luck and such bad management," he said bitterly.

"Who was the man ?" I asked.

"I have no idea," replied Holmes.

"Was he a spy ?" I asked.

"Well, it is evident from what we have heard that Sir Henry has been followed by someone since he came to London. How else did anyone know so soon that he was to stay in Northumberland Hotel. If they had followed him the first day, I was sure they would follow him on the second day too. When our friends left I followed them at once hoping to catch their follower. But he was so cunning and clever that he did not follow them on foot. He used a cab instead, he could therefore loiter behind them or dash past them, so they would not notice him. His method also had another advantage. If our friends had taken a cab, he would also be ready to follow them. However, he overlooked one disadvantage of taking a cab. We have its number. 2704 is our man. Can you recognise the man in the cab ?" asked Holmes.

"I could only see the beard," I replied.

"So could I," said Holmes. "That, I think, is a false one. A clever man on so delicate an errand, has no use of a beard, other than to hide his features. Come in here, Watson!" called Holmes going up the steps of a telegraph office, where he was greeted warmly by the manager.

"Ah, Wilson, I see you have not forgotten the little case in which I helped you. Now, if I remember, among your boys, you had a young lad called Cartwright."

"Yes, sir," said Wilson, "he is still with us."

"Could you please call him? Thank you! Also, may I have change for this five pound note?" said Holmes.

A young boy, about fourteen years old, with a bright and keen face entered. He gazed at Holmes with great reverence.

"Let me have the Hotel Directory," said Holmes. "Thank you. Now, Cartwright, there are the names of twenty-three hotels here, all in the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross."

"Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

"You will visit each of them in turn."

"Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

"You will begin in each case by giving the outside porter one shilling. Here are twenty-three shillings. Then you will ask to see the waste paper of yesterday. Tell him that an important telegram has been delivered to the wrong place and that you are looking for it. Do you understand?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

"But what you really are looking for is the centre page of the *Times* with some holes cut in it with scissors. Here is a copy of the *Times*. It is this page. You will be able to recognise it, won't you?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

"In each case, the outside porter will send for the hall porter. Give him a shilling also. Here are twenty-three shillings more. Out of the twenty-three cases, possibly in twenty cases, the waste paper will have been burnt or removed. In three other cases, you will be shown the waste paper. Look for this page of the *Times* in it. The odds are that you will find nothing. There are ten shillings extra in case of emergencies. Send me your report by wire at Baker Street before this evening. And now, Watson, all we have to do is to ring up and find out the identity of the cabman, No. 2704. Then we can walk into one of the picture galleries of Bond Street and fill in the time untill we are due at the hotel."

Exercise

1. Sir Henry would have visited Sherlock Holmes even if Dr. Mortimer had not arranged a meeting between them. Why? What are the two strange experiences he has?
2. Sherlock Holmes reads out an article on 'Free Trade' from the *Times*. Why? Do the three listeners understand his intention?
3. As soon as Dr. Mortimer and Sir Henry Baskerville leave Baker Street, Holmes and Watson dress quickly and follow them. Why? What do they discover?
4. Sherlock Holmes shows Cartwright the names of twenty-three hotels and asks him to visit each one of them in turn. Why?

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5. THREE BROKEN THREADS

Sherlock Holmes had an unusual power of detaching his mind at will. For two hours he forgot the strange case we had been involved in. He was completely absorbed in the pictures of the gallery. From the time we left the gallery till we reached Northumberland Hotel, he talked of nothing but art.

" Sir Henry Baskerville is upstairs and is expecting you," said the clerk. " He asked me to bring you up whenever you came."

We followed the clerk and as we came to the top of the stairs, we ran into Sir Henry himself. He was very angry and had an old and dusty boot in his hands.

" It seems they think I am a sucker," he cried. " They'll soon find out that they are playing games with the wrong man. If the waiter doesn't find my missing boot soon, there's going to be trouble."

" Are you still looking for your boot ? " asked Holmes.

" Yes, sir, and I mean to find it," replied Sir Henry.

" But you told us that you had lost a new brown boot ? " asked Holmes.

" So, I had. And now the old black one has gone," said Sir Henry.

" What ! " exclaimed Holmes. " You mean . . . . ? "

" That's just what I mean. Last night they took away one of my new brown boots, and today they've taken one of the black ones. Well, have you found it ? Speak up ! Don't stand staring ! " Sir Henry shouted angrily at a German waiter who had just walked into the room.

" No, sir, " replied the waiter. " I have made inquiries all over the hotel, but have been unable to trace the missing boot."

" Well," said Sir Henry, " either I get the boot back by evening or I'll see the manager and leave this hotel immediately."

" It shall be found, sir, " replied the waiter. " If you have a little patience, it will be found."

" Mind you, this should be the last thing I lose in this den of thieves, " said Sir Henry. " Well, Mr. Holmes, I'm sorry to trouble you about such trivial things. "

" I think it's worth troubling about, " said Holmes.

" It seems the queerest things that has ever happened to me. What do you think about it, Mr. Holmes? " asked Sir Henry.

" Well, I don't understand it as yet. Your case is a very complex one, Sir Henry. But we hold several threads in our hands, and I think that one of them will lead us to the truth," said Holmes.

We had a pleasant lunch, during which little was said about the case which had brought us together. Later, when we had settled down in the private sitting room, Holmes asked Sir Henry what he was going to do.

" I will go to Baskerville Hall at the end of the week," said Sir Henry.

" I think you have made a wise decision," said Holmes. " I think you are being followed in London, and amidst the millions it is difficult to find who these people are or what their object is. If their intentions are evil, they might harm you and we will be powerless to help you. Did you know, Dr. Mortimer, that you were being followed this morning from my house ? "

" Followed ! By whom ? " asked Dr. Mortimer.

"That, unfortunately, is what I cannot tell you. Have you among your neighbours or acquaintances on Dartmoor any man with a full black beard ?" asked Holmes.

"No — Yes ! Sir Charles' butler, Barrymore, has a full black beard," replied Dr. Mortimer.

"Well," said Holmes. "We had better make sure if he is really there or if he is in London.

"How can you do that ?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

"Give me a telegraph form," said Holmes. He wrote down : 'Is all ready for Sir Henry ?' and addressed the telegram to Mr. Barrymore, Baskerville Hall. Then he addressed a second telegram to the postmaster of Grimpen : 'Telegram to Mr. Barrymore, to be delivered into his own hand. If absent, please return wire to Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel'

"That should let us know by evening whether Barrymore is in Devonshire or not," said Holmes.

"That's O. K.," said Sir Henry. "By the way Dr. Mortimer, who is this Barrymore ?"

"He is the son of the old caretaker who is dead. They have looked after the Hall for four generations. He and his wife are a very respectable couple," answered Dr. Mortimer.

"At the same time," said Baskerville, "it's clear that as long as there is no member of the family there, the Barrymores have a good house to live in and nothing to do."

"That's true," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Did Barrymore benefit from Sir Charles' will ?" asked Holmes.

"He and his wife received five hundred pounds each," replied Dr. Mortimer.

"Ah ! Did they know they would receive it ?" asked Holmes.

"Yes," replied Dr. Mortimer, "Sir Charles was very fond of talking about the provisions of his will."

"That is very interesting," said Holmes.

"I hope," said Dr. Mortimer, "that you won't be suspicious of everyone who benefits from the will, because I too have received a thousand pounds."

"Indeed ! Has anyone else received anything ?" asked Holmes.

"Little amounts were left to quite a few people and also to public charities. The remaining was all for Sir Henry," said Dr. Mortimer.

"How much did Sir Henry receive ?" asked Holmes.

"Seven hundred and forty thousand pounds," replied Dr. Mortimer. Holmes looked surprised and said. "Dear me ! That's quite a lot, for which a man might do anything. One more question, Dr. Mortimer. Supposing something happened to Sir Henry — who would inherit the estate ?"

"Since Sir Charles' younger brother, Rodger Baskerville died unmarried, the estate would go to the Desmonds, who are distant cousins. James Desmond is an elderly clergyman in Westmorland," said Dr. Mortimer.

"Have you met Mr. James Desmond ?" asked Holmes.

" Yes, he once visited Sir Charles. He is an old and respected man. I remember he refused to accept anything from Sir Charles, " said Dr. Mortimer.

" And this man of simple tastes would be heir to Sir Charles' thousands ? " asked Holmes.

" He would be heir to the estate, because it is necessary. Also he would be heir if Sir Henry wills it to him. Of course, he can do what he likes with it," said Dr. Mortimer.

" Have you made your will, Sir Henry ? " asked Holmes.

" No, Mr.Holmes, I have not. I haven't had the time, because it was only yesterday that I found out the whole situation. Also I feel that money should go with the title and estate. That was my uncle's idea. How can the owner restore the glories of the Baskervilles, if he doesn't have enough money to look after it. House, land and dollars must go together, " said Sir Henry.

" That is right. Well, Sir Henry, I agree with your decision and feel you should go down to Devonshire immediately. However, you must not go there alone, " said Holmes.

" Dr. Mortimer will return with me, " said Sir Henry.

" Dr. Mortimer has his practice to look after and his house is a long way away from yours. With all the good will on his part, he may be unable to help you. No, Sir Henry, you must take a trustworthy man with you ; one who will always be with you, " said Holmes.

" Is it possible that you can come yourself, Mr. Holmes ? " asked Sir Henry.

" If matters became dangerous, I would try to be present in person ; but I have my consulting practice to take care of.

With constant appeals which come to me from many places it is impossible for me to be away from London for an indefinite period, " said Holmes.

" Who would you suggest, then ? " asked Sir Henry.

Holmes put his hand on my arm and said, " If my friend should agree, there is no man who can be better having at your side at such a time. "

Holmes' words took me by surprise and before I could answer, Baskerville seized me by the hand and squeezed it.

" Well, now, that is really very kind of you, Dr. Watson, " said Sir Henry. " You know what a spot I am in and you know as much as I do about this business. If you accompany me to Baskerville Hall and see me through, I'll never forget it. "

The promise of adventure has always fascinated me. Also, I was complimented by what Holmes had said about me, and by the eagerness with which the baronet wanted me as a companion.

" It's my pleasure to accompany you, " said I.

" And you will report everything to me very carefully," said Holmes. " When a crisis comes, as it will do, I will direct how you should act. I suppose all might be ready by Saturday ? "

" Would that suit Dr. Watson ? " asked Sir Henry.

" Perfectly. " I said.

" Then, on Saturday we shall meet at the 10.30 train from Paddington, unless there is a change, " said Holmes.

We had just got up to leave when Baskerville cried out loudly, and he rushed to one of the corners of the room and picked up a brown boot from under the cabinet.

"That's my missing boot !" he cried.

"But that is very strange," remarked Dr. Mortimer. "I searched this room carefully before lunch."

"So did I," said Baskerville. "There was surely no boot in it at that time."

"In that case the waiter must have put it there when we were having lunch," said Dr. Mortimer.

The German waiter was sent for, but he did not know anything about the matter ; nor could any inquiry solve the mystery. Another item had been added to the constant and apparently purposeless series of small mysteries which had taken place one after the other. Holmes was very silent in the cab as we drove back to Baker Street. I knew from his brown brows and keen face that his mind, like my own, was busy trying to fit all the disconnected episodes into some order.

Just before dinner two telegrams were handed in. The first said : "Have just heard that Barrymore is at the Hall — BASKERVILLE."

The second said : "Visited twenty-three hotels as directed, but sorry to report unable to trace cut sheet of *Times* — CARTWRIGHT."

"There go two of my threads, Watson," said Holmes. "There is nothing more encouraging in a case when everything goes against you. We must look for some other clue."

"We still have the cabman who drove the spy," said I.

"That's right," said Holmes. "I have wired to the Official Registry to get his name and address. I will not be surprised if this were an answer to my question."

At that moment the bell rang and a rough-looking man entered. He evidently was the cabman himself.

"My name is Clayton," he said. "I got a message from the head office that a gentleman at this address had been inquiring about 2704. I've driven my cab for seven years and have never had a complaint. I came here straight from the police station to ask you what you have against me."

"I have nothing against you at all," said Holmes, "As a matter of fact, I have half a sovereign for you if you answer a few of my questions truthfully."

"Well, I've had a good day today," said the cabman with a grin, "Alright, what do you want to know ?"

"Now, Clayton," said Holmes, "can you tell me about the man who came and watched this house at ten O'clock this morning and later followed the two gentlemen down Regent Street ?"

The cabman looked surprised and a bit embarrassed.

"Well, it's no good my telling you things, as you seem to know as much as I do already," said the cabman, "That gentleman told me he was a detective and I was not to mention him to anyone."

"My good man, this is very serious and you will find yourself in a bad position if you hide anything from me. Tell me, where did you pick him up, and what all happened ?" asked Holmes.

" He hailed me at half past nine in Trafalgar Square. He said he was a detective. He offered me two guineas to do exactly what he wanted all day without asking questions. I gladly agreed. First, we drove to Northumberland Hotel, and waited there until the two gentlemen came out and took a cab. We followed their cab till it reached this house, " said the cabman.

" This very door ? " asked Holmes.

" Well, I'm not sure of that, but my fare knew what was happening. We stopped half way down the street and waited for one and a half hours. Then the two gentlemen passed us walking. We followed them down Baker Street and along . . . . . ,"

" I know, " said Holmes.

" Until we got three quarters down Regent Street. Then my gentleman threw up the trap and shouted at me to drive to Waterloo Station as fast as I could. I whipped my mare and we were at the station in less than ten minutes. Then he paid his two guineas and went into the station. Just as he was leaving he turned round and said : ' It might interest you to know that you have been driving Mr. Sherlock Holmes. "

Holmes sat silent in amazement and then he burst out laughing. " A touch, Watson, an undeniable touch ! " said Holmes. " He is as quick as me. And now, Clayton, can you describe Mr. Sherlock Holmes ? "

The cabman scratched his head and said, " Well, he wasn't an easy gentleman to describe. He must be about forty years old. He was about two or three inches shorter than you. He was well dressed, had a black beard, cut square at the end, and a pale face. I can't say more than that. "

" Can't you remember anything else ? " asked Holmes.

" No, Sir, nothing at all, " said the cabman.

" Well, here is your half sovereign, " said Holmes. " I'll give you another one, if you can get me more information. Good night. "

" Good night, Sir, and thank you ! " said the cabman.

John Clayton left the room and Holmes turned to me. He shrugged his shoulders and said, " Snap goes the third thread. We are right at the beginning of the case once again. That cunning rascal ! He knew our number. He also knew that Sir Henry had consulted me. When he saw me in Regent Street he must have realized who I was. He must have thought that I'd surely take the cab number and would tackle the cabman, hence he sent back this daring message. I tell you, Watson, this time we have an enemy who is worthy of our steel. I've been defeated in London. I only hope you have better luck in Devonshire. "

Exercise

1. Sir Henry's new boot is returned to him and his old one is stolen instead. Why would anyone want a ' single' old boot ?
2. If Sir Henry were to die, who would inherit his fortune ?
3. " House, land and dollars must go together. " Who says this ? Why ?
4. What are the three threads which Holmes hopes may help him solve this complex case ? Does any of the three threads give him a lead ?
5. Who is John Clayton ? Can you briefly describe what he tells Holmes ?

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6. BASKERVILLE HALL

On the day of our departure to Devonshire, Sherlock Holmes drove with me to the station. He gave me last minute orders and advice.

" I will not prejudice your mind by suggesting theories or suspicions, Watson," said Holmes. " You must report all the right facts to me and leave the theorizing for me to do."

" What sort of facts ? " I asked.

" Anything which may have a direct or indirect bearing on the case. Especially the relations between Sir Henry and the neighbours. Also, if you can find anything new about Sir Charles' death. I've made some inquiries recently but have not been successful so far. Only one thing seems to be certain and that is that Mr. James Desmond, who is the next heir, is an elderly gentleman and is a very friendly person. I don't think we need to suspect him of anything at all. But all the others who actually live around Sir Henry Baskerville need to be watched."

" Won't it be wise to get rid of the Barrymore couple first ? " I asked.

" No, I don't think so, " said Holmes. " You will not make a bigger mistake if you do that. If they are innocent, it would be cruel injustice and if they are guilty, well, we'll find out. No, no, we must keep them on our list of suspects. There is a groom at the Hall and there are also two moorland farmers. Then there is our friend, Dr. Mortimer, who I believe is very honest. His wife's there too but we know nothing about her. There is this naturalist, Stapleton, and his sister, who is said to be very good-looking. There is Mr. Frankland of Lafter Hall of whom we know nothing, and there are one or two other neighbours too. These are the people whom you must study very carefully."

" I'll do my best, " said I.

" You have a gun, I suppose, " asked Holmes.

" Yes. I thought it would be best if I carried one," I said.

" Good ! Keep your revolver with you day and night, and always be on the alert, " said Holmes.

Our friends had managed to get a first class carriage and were waiting for us on the platform.

" No, we have no news of that kind, " said Dr. Mortimer in answer to Holmes' questions. " I'm very sure that we haven't been followed during the last two days. We haven't gone out without keeping a sharp watch. No one could have escaped our notice. "

" I hope you have always kept together, " said Holmes. " I beg you, Sir Henry, not to go about alone. You might be harmed if you do. Did you get back your other boot ? "

" No, sir, it's lost forever, " said Sir Henry.

" Indeed ! That's very interesting. Well, goodbye, " he added as the train started to move. " Remember, one thing, Sir Henry, try to avoid roaming on the moor after dark when the powers of evil are at their peak. "

The journey was a swift and pleasant one. In a few hours the brown earth had become reddish, the brick houses had changed to stone ones. Red cows grazed in well-hedged fields, where the rich grass and vegetation spoke of a damp climate. Young Baskerville stared eagerly out of the window and cried out excitedly as he recognized the familiar sights of Devonshire.

" I've been all over the world, Dr. Watson, " said Sir Henry, " but I've never seen a place as beautiful as Devonshire. "

" Well, I've never met a Devonshire man who would say anything different ! " I said. " But you were very young when you last saw Baskerville Hall, weren't you ? "

" I was in my teens when my father died. I have never seen the Hall, as my father lived in a little cottage on the south coast. After my father's death I went straight to America to a friend. It's as new to me as it is to you, Dr. Watson. Aslo, I'm very keen to see the moor, " said Sir Henry.

" Are you ? Your wish has been granted. Look, there is your first sight of the moor, " said Dr. Mortimer pointing through the window.

Over the green squares of fields and the low curve of a wood, there rose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague. It looked like some fantastic landscape in a dream. Baskerville stared at it for a long time. His eager face told me how much this moor meant to him. It was his first sight of that strange place where his ancestors had ruled for so long and had left a deep mark.

The train stopped at a small wayside station, and we all got off. Outside, a horse-driven coach was waiting for us. Our coming was evidently a great event, as the station-master and the porters all wanted to carry our luggage. It was a sweet and simple country place, but I was surprised to see two uniformed soldiers with rifles standing by the gate. They looked at us rather keenly as we passed them. The coachman saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were on our way to the Hall. On either side of the road we had rolling, green pasture lands curving upwards. Though the countryside looked peaceful, there rose, dark against the evening sky, the long gloomy curve of the moor.

The coach took us through lanes where for centuries coaches must have moved. At every turn of the road, Baskerville gave an exclamation of delight and looked around eagerly asking countless questions. To him everything seemed beautiful, but I could feel the gloom which lay upon the countryside.

A steep curve of barren land lay infront of us. On the summit, hard and clear like a statue on its pedestal, was a mounted soldier, dark and stern. His rifle was poised ready on his forearm. He was watching the road along which we travelled.

" What is this, Perkins ? " asked Dr. Mortimer.

Perkins half turned in his seat and said, " A convict has escaped from Princetown, sir. He's been out for three days and the police watch every road and every station. But they haven't caught him as yet. The farmers here don't like it. You see, he isn't an ordinary convict. This one will not stop at anything. "

" Who is he ? " asked Dr. Mortimer.

" He is Selden, the Notting Hill murderer, " replied Perkins.

I remembered the case well. Holmes had taken and interest in it because of the peculiar ferocity of the crime and the senseless brutality with which the murderer had killed his victim. His death sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment because the police doubted his sanity.

Our coach had reached the top of a small slope. In front of us we saw the expanding moor which was marked irregularly with steep and rough hills. A cold wind blew through it and we all shivered.

We had left the rich and fertile country behind us and the road infront of us became bleaker and wilder. Suddenly we looked

into a cup-like depression, which was patched with stunted oaks and firs that had been twisted and bent by storms over the years. Then we saw two narrow towers over the trees. Perkins pointed with his whip and said,

" Baskerville Hall. "

Sir Henry rose from his seat and stared at the Hall with his eyes shining. A few minutes later we had reached the house and passing through the gateway, we entered the avenue. Sir Henry shivered as he looked through the long and dark avenue. The house at the other end of the avenue glimmered like a ghost.

" No wonder my uncle felt insecure here, " said Sir Henry. " This place will scare anyone. I 'll have a row of electric lamps put up here within six months. You won't recognize the place with all the illumination ! "

The avenue opened into a broad garden and the house was right in front of us. In the fading light I could see that the centre of Baskerville Hall was a thick block with a porch in front of it. A dull light could be seen through the windows, and from one of the high chimneys issued black smoke.

" Welcome, Sir Henry ! Welcome to Baskerville Hall ! " said a tall man who had stepped down from the porch and was opening the door of the coach. A woman stepped out too and helped the man to pick up our bags.

" I hope you won't mind if I go straight home, Sir Henry. My wife is expecting me, " said Dr. Mortimer.

" Won't you stay and have some dinner ? " asked Sir Henry.

" No, I must go, " said Dr. Mortimer. " Most probably I'll find some work awaiting me. I would have stayed to show you the house, but I'm sure Barrymore will be a better guide than me. Goodbye, and please send for me whenever you need me. "

When Dr. Mortimer drove away Sir Henry and I went into the Hall and the door closed behind us. It was a large room panelled with oak. The wooden beams were black with age. " It's exactly as I had imagined it, " said Sir Henry, looking around. " Doesn't it look like an old family home ? To think that my ancestors have lived here for five hundred years ! "

I saw his face light up with boyish enthusiasm as he gazed at the walls. Barymore returned after putting the luggage in our rooms. He stood in front of us in the subdued manner of a well-trained servant. He was a tall and handsome man with a square black beard.

" Will you want dinner served immediately, sir ? " asked Barrymore.

"Is it ready ?" asked Sir Henry.

"It will be in a few minutes. Meanwhile I could show you to your rooms," said Barrymore.

A square, balustraded gallery ran round the top of the old hall. It could be approached by a double stair. From this central point two long corridors extended the whole length of the building and from which all the bedrooms opened. My bedroom was in the same wing as Sir Henry's. These rooms were much more modern and brighter than the central part of the house.

The dining room which opened out of the hall was a long and dark room. We talked very little while eating. After dinner we sat in the modern billiard-room to smoke.

"It isn't a very cheerful place, is it ?" said Sir Henry. "I suppose we will get used to it, but right now I don't feel comfortable at all. No wonder my uncle was nervous, living all alone in such a house. Shall we retire early tonight ? Perhaps in the morning, it might seem a bit more cheerful."

Once I got to my room, I opened the curtains and looked out. In the moonlight I could see the melancholy moor. I closed the curtains and went to bed. I was very tired and kept tossing and turning, trying to sleep. Suddenly in the middle of the night I heard a woman crying. It was a low, muffled sound. I sat up in my bed and listened intently. The noise could not have been very far away and it certainly was in the house. For half an hour I waited but did not hear anything, other than the chiming clock and the rustle of the ivy on the wall outside.

Exercise

1. Sherlock Holmes tells Watson to study and watch all the people who live around Sir Henry Baskerville. Make a list of the people he names.
2. Why are soldiers posted at different places at the time Sir Henry arrives in Devonshire ?
3. Can you describe Baskerville Hall in five or six sentences ?

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7. THE STAPLETONS OF MERRIPIT HOUSE

When Sir Henry and I sat down to have our breakfast, sunlight flooded the dining room. It was difficult to imagine that this was the same gloomy room where we had had our dinner the previous night.

"I think we were very tired and cold after our journey, that's why everything looked so gloomy," said Sir Henry. "Now that we are fresh, it all looks rather cheerful."

"Did you happen to hear a woman crying last night ?" I asked. "I am sure it was not my imagination."

"Yes, I was half asleep and I did hear something of that sort," said Sir Henry.

"I heard it distinctly and I am sure of it," I said.

"Then, we must ask about it immediately." said Sir Henry.

He rang the bell and asked Barrymore about it. Barrymore paled a bit and said, "There are only two women in the house, Sir Henry. One is the scullery maid, who sleeps in the other wing. My wife is the other and she did not cry at all.

But he had lied. After breakfast I met Mrs. Barrymore and her eyes were red and the lids swollen. It was obvious that it was she who had cried the previous night. If she did, Barrymore must have known about it ; so why did he lie ? And why should she weep so bitterly ? Already Barrymore's face looked sad and mysterious. Was it possible that it was Barrymore in the cab in Regent Street ? How could I answer all these questions ? Well, the first thing to do was to check with the Grimpen postmaster. To ask him if the telegram was given to Barrymore personally.

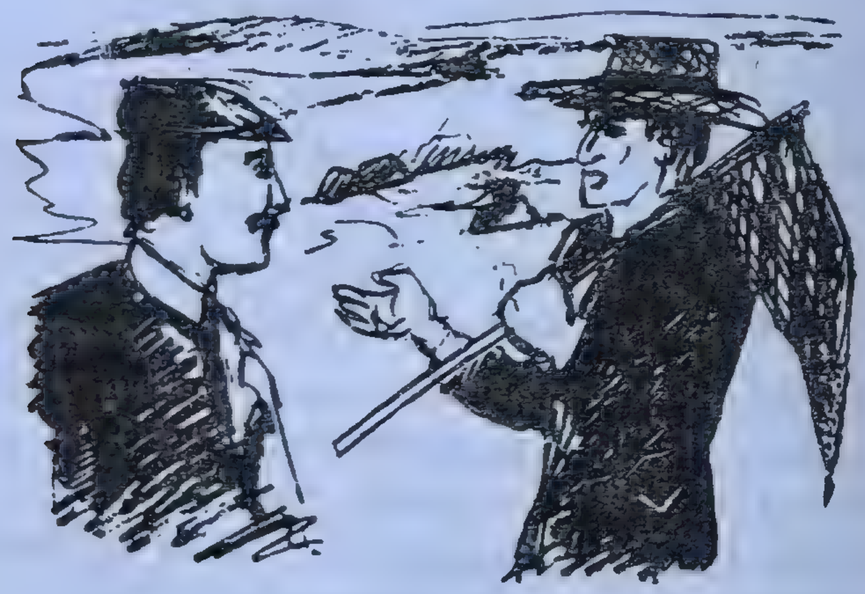
Sir Henry was busy with some paperwork after breakfast, so I decided to go for a walk. It was a pleasant walk of six kilometres along the edge of the moor of the village of Grimpen. The postmaster who was also the village grocer, remembered the telegram and said, " Yes, sir, my boy here delivered the telegram to Mr. Barrymore. James, you did deliver it, didn't you ? "

" Well, " said James, " Mr. Barrymore was in the loft, so I gave it to Mrs. Barrymore and she promised to give it to him soon."

" Did you see Mr. Barrymore ? " I asked.

" No, sir, he was in the loft," said James.

If you didn't see him, how did you know he was in the loft ? " I asked.



" Well, surely his wife would know, " said the postmaster, looking annoyed. " Didn't he get the telegram ? And if he didn't, surely he should make the complaint himself."

It seemed useless to question the postmaster any more. In spite of Holmes' clever idea we had no proof that Barrymore was not in London all that time.

As I walked home slowly, deep in thought, I heard someone running behind me. A voice called out to me. I turned expecting to see Dr. Mortimer, but to my surprise it was a stranger. He was a small, slim, clean-shaven man, somewhere between thirty or forty years of age. A tin box for botanical specimens hung over his shoulder and he had a butterfly net in one hand.

" You will excuse my boldness, Dr. Watson, " said he. " Here on the moor we are rather homely people and don't wait for formal introductions. I am Stapleton of Merripit House. I was visiting Dr. Mortimer and he told me about you as you passed. As our homes are in the same direction, I thought I should come and introduce myself and walk back with you. I hope Sir Henry is well after his long and tiring journey."

" He is very well, thank you, " I said.

" We thought that after the sad death of Sir Charles, the new baronet might refuse to live here. But I suppose Sir Henry has no superstitious fears," said Stapleton.

" No, I don't think he has, " I said.

" You must have heard of the legend of the hound that haunts the family ? " asked Stapleton.

" Yes, I have heard of it," I said.

" It's strange how a number of peasants here are willing to swear that they've seen the hound on the moor. I think the story

affected Sir Charles' imagination and led to his tragic death. What does Mr. Sherlock Holmes thinks ? " asked Stapleton rather seriously.

I was startled for a moment, but a glance at his calm face and steadfast eyes showed that no surprise was intended.

" It is useless to pretend that we don't know who you are, Dr. Watson, " said he. " We have heard about your detective and you cannot publicize his achievements without being known yourself. When Mortimer told me your name he couldn't deny who you were. If you are here, it means that Mr. Sherlock Holmes must be interested in this case. I'm curious to know his views. "

" I'm sorry but I can't tell you that, " I said.

" Will he be visiting us, then ? " asked Stapleton pressingly.

" He cannot leave London right now. He is busy with other cases, " I said.

" What a pity ! " said Stapleton. " He could have answered so many unanswered questions. But if you ever need my help, please do not hesitate to ask. "

" I asure you that I am just visiting my friend, Sir Henry, and will need no help at all, " I said.

" Excellent ! " said Stapleton. " You are perfectly right to be careful. I've been justly scolded for interfering. I promise not to mention the matter again. "

We had come to a point where a narrow grassy path struck off from the road and wound away across the moor.

" A short walk along this path will take you to Merripit House, " said Stapleton. " Would you spare an hour and I can introduce you to my sister. "

Remembering Holmes' advice that I should check on all the neighbours, I accepted the invitation. We walked down the path.

" The moor is a wonderful place, " said Stapleton. " One never tires of it. You can't stop thinking of the wonderful secrets it holds. "

" Do you know it well ? " I asked.

" I've been here just two years. The residents would call me a newcomer ! We came here shortly after Sir Charles settled. But I have explored every part of the country and there are few men who know it better than me, " said Stapleton.

" Is it very difficult to know ? " I asked.

" Very difficult, " said Stapleton. " Can you see that great plain there, with queer-looking hills on it ? That is the Grimpen Mire. A false step on it means death to man or beast. Just yesterday I saw a pony sinking into it. Even in summer it's a dangerous place, but after the rains it's just awful. Yet I know it very well. I can go into it and come out alive. There are one or two paths which an active man can take. I have found them. "

" But why should you want to go to such a horrible place ? " I asked.

" Can you see the hills beyond the Mire ? Well, there are some rare plants and butterflies there, " said Stapleton.

" Hello ! What's that ? " I cried.

A long, low moan, infinitely sad, swept over the moor. It was everywhere and it was impossible to say where it came from. From a low murmur it developed into a roar and then went back to a sad moan again. Stapleton looked at me curiously and said,

"The moor is a queer place."

"But, what is it ?" I asked.

"The peasants say it is the Hound of the Baskerville calling for its prey. I've heard it once or twice before but never so loud," said Stapleton.

With fear I looked at the Grimpen Mire.

"You are educated. Surely you don't believe it. What do you think caused that noise ?" I asked him.

"Bogs make odd noises sometimes, The mud is settling or the water rising," replied Stapleton.

"No, no, that was a living voice," I said.

"May be it was the bittern's cry. It's a rare bird, practically extinct in England now," said Stapleton.

"It's the strangest thing I have ever heard in my life," I said.

"Yes, it is a mysterious place. Look at that hillside there. What do you think of it ?" asked Stapleton.

The whole steep slope was covered with grey circular rings of stone.

"What are they ? Sheep pens ?" I asked.

"No, Pre-historic man used to live on moors and as no one in particular has lived there since, all the arrangements have remained as he left them. These are his tents without the roofs. Oh, excuse me ! Surely it ...." said Stapleton.

A small moth or butterfly had caught Stapleton's attention and he ran after it, straight into the Mire. I stood watching his pursuit with a mixture of admiration and fear, should he lose his footing in the Mire. Suddenly I heard footsteps and turning round I found a woman near me.

I had no doubt that this was Miss Stapleton. She was very beautiful. But there was a big contrast between brother and sister. Stapleton was small with light hair and grey eyes. Miss Stapleton was slim, elegant and tall and had very dark brown hair. Her eyes were on her brother while she hurried towards me.

"Go back !" she said. "Go back to London immediately !"

I stared at her quite stupidly. "Why should I go back ?" I gasped.

"I cannot explain," she said in a low voice. "Just go back, and never return to the moor again !"

"But I have just come !" I said.

"Can't you understand a warning ? Go back to London ! Start tonight ! Just get away from here immediately. Hush ! My brother is coming. Not a word of what I've said. Can you get me that orchid, please ?" she said.

Stapleton abandoned his chase and walked up to us.

"Hello, Beryl," said he, and it did't seem a friendly greeting at all.

"You are quite hot, Jack," said Miss Stapleton.

"Yes, I was chasing a moth. It was a rare one. It's a pity I missed it," said Stapleton.

He looked unconcerned but his eyes kept glancing at his sister and me.

" You have introduced yourselves, " he said.

" Yes, " replied Miss Stapleton. " I was t lling Sir Henry about the beauty of the moor. "

" Why, who do you think he is ? " asked Stapleton.

" It must be Sir Henry Baskerville, " said she.

" No, no, " said I. " My name is Dr. Watson. A friend of Sir Henry's. "

She looked a bit angry and said, " We have been talking at cross purposes. "

" Why ? You didn't have much time to talk, " remarked Stapleton.

" I talked to Dr. Watson as if he were a resident, not a visitor. But it doesn't matter. Will you come and see Merripit House ? " said Miss Stapleton.

After a short walk we reached the bleak moorland house, which had been modernised. The door was opened by a strange-looking, old manservant. The house was furnished with elegance. As I looked out of the window at the gloomy moor, I couldn't understand why this educated man and his beautiful sister should live in such a place.

" It's a queer spot to live in, " said Stapleton as if he had guessed my thoughts. " Yet, we do keep ourselves happy, don't we, Beryl ? "

" Quite happy, " she answered without conviction.

" I once had a school, " said Stapleton. " I enjoyed living with youth. However, an epidemic broke out in the school and three boys died. My school lost its reputation and I lost all my capital. My taste for botany and zoology brought me here. My sister also loves Nature. We have our books and studies. We also have interesting neighbours. Dr. Mortimer is there. Sir Charles too was a good friend and we do miss him a lot. Do you think it would be all right if I visited Sir Henry today ? "

" I'm sure he will be delighted, " I said.

" Then do tell him that I will come. We, in our humble way, can make things easy for him till he gets used to his surroundings. Will you come upstairs, Dr. Watson, and see my collection of insects ? Lunch will be ready soon. "

But I was eager to get back to Sir Henry. The melancholy moor and the baying of the hound had saddened me. On top of it, Miss Stapleton's warning worried me a bit. So, declining the invitation to lunch, I started my walk back to the Hall.

Exercise

1. Why does Dr. Watson visit the Grimpen postmaster ? What does he discover ?
2. Who does Miss Stapleton think Dr. Watson is ? What does she tel him in secret ?
3. What explanation does Stapleton give Watson for having settled i a ' gloomy ' place like Devonshire ?

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8. FIRST REPORT OF DR. WATSON

BASKERVILLE HALL
13 OCTOBER

My dear Holmes

My Previous letters and telegrams have kept you informed about all that has happened in this most godforsaken place. The longer one stays here, the more one gets involved in the moor and its gloomy charm. As you walk around the moor, you are surrounded by houses and temples of pre-historic people. It is strange that they lived on this unfruitful soil.

But coming back to the facts concerning Sir Henry Baskerville and his situation.

I have said little about the escaped convict on the moor. The people believe that he has got away. Of course, he could hide in any of the stone huts here, but there is nothing to eat unless he kills one of the moor sheep. Therefore, everyone thinks he has gone and they sleep better.

There is a new development here. Sir Henry is taking a great interest in Miss Stapleton. It is not surprising as she is a very beautiful and fascinating woman. There is something exotic about her which makes her very different from Stapleton. The latter does have an influence on her because I have seen her glancing at him continually when she talks, as if she wants him to praise her for what she has said. I think he is kind to her. You will find him an interesting study.

He called on Sir Henry on the first day and the very next morning took us to the spot where the legend of Hugo is supposed to have taken place. We had to walk a few miles across

the moor to a place which looked so dismal that it might have suggested the story. The whole place corresponded with the scene of the old tragedy. Sir Henry was very interested and asked Stapleton if he believed in supernatural things. Stapleton gave short and guarded replies. Obviously, he did not express his own opinions out of consideration for the feelings of the baronet.

On our way back we had lunch at Merripit House and it was here that Sir Henry met Miss Stapleton. He was attracted to her from the first moment and I think the attraction was mutual. He talked a lot about her on our way home, and since then we have met the Stapletons nearly every day. They dine here tonight and we might go there sometime next week. One would imagine that such a match would be welcome to Stapleton. Yet, I have seen Stapleton look at his sister disapprovingly when Sir Henry is paying attention to her. He is very attached to her and would undoubtedly become lonely without her. But it would be very selfish if he did not allow her to get married.

On Thursday Dr. Mortimer lunched with us and the Stapletons joined us later. At Sir Henry's request, the doctor took us to the Yew Alley and showed us how the tragic incident had occurred.

The Yew Alley is a long walk, between two high hedges, with a narrow band of grass on either side. At the far end is an old, tumbledown summerhouse. Half way down is the moor-gate where Sir Charles dropped his cigar ash. Beyond it lies the wide moor. I remembered your theory and tried to picture what had happened. As the old man stood at the gate, he saw something coming across the moor. He got frightened and ran and ran till he fell down dead. What did he run from ? A sheep dog ? Or a ghost-like hound, black and monstrous ?

The other neighbour whom I met since I last wrote is Mr. Frankland of Lafter Hall. He lives about four miles to the south of us. He is an elderly man, red-faced and bad-tempered. He fights for the mere pleasure of fighting ! He has spent a lot of money on litigation. However, he seems a kind and good-natured man. Right now, he is a sort of amateur astronomer. He lies on his rooftop and looks around the moor through his telescope, hoping to spot the escaped convict.

Now that I have brought you up to date in the matter of the escaped convict, the Stapletons, Dr. Mortimer and Mr. Frankland, let me end with the Barrymores.

I told Sir Henry about my talk with the postmaster, so he immediately sent for Barrymore and asked him about it. But we could not get anything new out of him. As you know I am a light sleeper. Last night at about 2 a.m. I woke up when I heard someone walking quietly past my door. I got up and opened my door and peeped out. It was Barrymore, with a candle in his hand. There was something indescribably guilty and secret about him. I followed him and saw him enter one of the rooms at the farther end of the corridor. Now, all these rooms are unfurnished and unoccupied, so his expedition became more mysterious. I peeped through the door and saw Barrymore crouched at the window with the candle held against the glass. He was staring into the dark moor father expectantly. He stood there for a few minutes. Then he gave a groan and impatiently put the light out. I ran back to my room and a little later I heard the footsteps pass my door again on their return journey. Long afterwards, I heard a key turn somewhere, but I don't know where the sound came from. What all this means, I don't know. But I am sure there is some secret business going on in this gloomy house and we must find out what it is.

I had a long talk with Sir Henry this morning. I will tell you about it in my second report.

Exercise

1. Make a list and give some details about the people who Dr. Watson has met in Devonshire so far. (Refer to the previous chapter also.)
2. When Dr. Watson follows Barrymore in the middle of the night, what does he find him doing ?

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9. SECOND REPORT OF DR. WATSON

The Light on the Moor

BASKERVILLE HALL
15 OCTOBER

My dear Holmes

I didn't send any reports of my mission here earlier but I am making up for lost time now. Things are happening rather fast now. My last report ended with Barrymore at the window.

Before breakfast on the morning following my adventure, I went and examined the room in which Barrymore had been. I noticed one peculiarity in the window through which Barrymore had stared out. One can get the best view of the moor through this window. There is an opening between two trees. And it is through this window that one can look right down on to it; from the other windows it is just a distant glimpse. So, it seems that Barrymore was looking out for someone or something on the moor. The same morning after breakfast I talked to Sir Henry and told him all I had seen. He was less surprised than I had expected.

" I knew Barrymore walked about at night and I did want to speak to him about it," said Sir Henry. " I too have heard him walking up and down a few times at the time you mention."

" Perhaps he goes to the window every night," I suggested.

" If he does, we can follow him and see what he does," said Sir Henry. " We'll sit up in my room tonight and wait till he passes and then follow him."

Sir Henry did seem rather excited about the coming adventure, which he thought would relieve his rather quiet life on the moor. He has been in touch with architects and contractors, to renovate the Manor. After it is done he will need a wife, and I am sure it will be Miss Stapleton, if she agrees.

After my conversation with Sir Henry, he put on his hat and prepared to go out. I too did the same.

" Are you coming too, Watson ? " he asked me in a curious way.

" It depends on whether you are going on the moor," I said.

" Yes, I am," he replied.

" Well, Holmes did say that I was not to let you wander around alone, especially on the moor," I said.

" My dear fellow," said Sir Henry, " Holmes with all his wisdom did not foresee some of the things which have happened since we got here. I'm sure you will not be a spoilsport. I have to go alone."

I was in a very awkward position and before I could make up my mind Sir Henry had gone.

After thinking for a while, I was very cross with myself for having let him go out alone. I quickly set off towards Merripit House.

I hurried along the path but could not see Sir Henry anywhere. When I reached the point where the path branches off I saw Sir Henry about a quarter mile away with Miss Stapleton by his side. Obviously, they had planned this meeting. They were walking slowly and seemed to be in deep conversation. I stood among the rocks. I did not know what to do. To follow them and

interrupt their intimate conversation seemed rude, but I could not a afford to let Sir Henry out of my sight.

Suddenly I was aware that I was not the only person watching them. I saw something green floating in the air and the next instant I saw Stapleton with his butterfly net. He was much closer to the pair than I was and he seemed to be going towards them. At that moment Sir Henry put his arm round Miss Stapleton. She seemed to be straining away. Suddenly both of them sprung apart. Stapleton was running towards them with his arms waving

about. It seemed he was abusing them. Sir Henry was trying to explain, but Stapleton appeared to get angrier. The lady stood in haughty silence. Finally, Stapleton beckoned his sister and they both walked away. Sir Henry stared at them for a minute and then walked slowly back, looking dejected. What this scene meant I did not understand, so I ran down the hill and met Sir Henry. He looked very upset.

" Hello, Watson !" he said. " You did follow me in spite of my asking to be alone ! "

I explained everything to him and all that I had seen. My frankness seemed to lessen his anger. He gave a sad laugh and said, " One would have thought that at least in the middle of this moor one could get some privacy, but the whole countryside appears to be around here ! Did you see Stapleton come on to us ? Till this moment I thought he was a sane man, but I'm now convinced that he is crazy. Don't you think I'm a suitable match for his sister ?"

" Of course," I said.

" Stapleton can't object to my worldly position, so obviously he must think something is wrong with me. He would not so much as let me touch the tips of her fingers ! " he said.

" Did he say so ? " I asked.

" Yes, and a lot more. I can tell you, Watson, I've known her only these few weeks, but from the beginning I've felt that she's for me. She too has always been happy in my company. Of course, we've never been alone; Stapleton hasn't allowed it. Today, when I did get a chance, she did not talk of love nor did she let me. She kept on that I should leave this place and go away. I said I would only if she married me. Before she could answer her brother was on us like a madman. He abused me and said that

because I was a baronet I thought I could do whatever I wanted. He went on for some time, but then I too lost my temper and shouted back at him. He took her away, and here I am, puzzled about what all this means. Can you explain it, Watson ? "

I tried to offer one or two explanations but the matter puzzled me too. Sir Henry was an eligible bachelor with money and a title. I couldn't find anything against him unless Stapleton is afraid of the dark fate that runs in the family.

However, the matter was cleared when Stapleton visited us later in the afternoon. He apologised for his rudeness and, after a long and private talk with Sir Henry, invited us to dinner on Friday at Merripit House.

" Did he give an explanation for his conduct ?" I asked Sir Henry.

" Well, he says his sister is everything to him. They have always been together and he could not bear the thought of losing her. When he saw me with her he was shocked, and was not responsible for what he said. He was very sorry for his rudeness. He also realized that it was selfish and foolish of him to imagine that he could keep a beautiful woman like his sister to himself for her whole life. If she did have to marry, it would be better for her to marry a neighbour like me than someone else. He also asked me to give him three months to get used to the idea. He would then withdraw all opposition to the match. During this time I should remain friendly with the lady without claiming her love. That I promised, so it all seems okay now."

So, one of our mysteries is cleared. Now, I have another matter to tell you about. I have solved the mystery of the sobs at night, of Mrs. Barrymore's tearstained face and of the night walks of Barrymore.

In order to find out the reason behind Barrymore's night walks, I sat in Sir Henry's room. Nothing happened on the first night. Determined to solve the mystery we sat up the next night also. As we were about to give up, we heard his step. We let him pass our door and then followed him. Barrymore did exactly what he did before. And when we peeped into the room, he was crouched at the window, candle in hand and his face pressed against the window.

Sir Henry walked into the room. Barrymore sprang up from the window with a sharp his and stood before us trembling. His eyes were full of horror as he stared at us.

" What are you doing here, Barrymore ? " asked Sir Henry.

" Nothing, sir, " he replied. " I usually check the windows at night."

" Look here, Barrymore," said Sir Henry sternly. " Don't lie to us. We are going to get the truth out of you. What were you doing at the window ? "

Barrymore looked at us helplessly and said, " I was doing no harm. I was just holding the candle to the window. Don't ask me why because I will not tell you."

" Then you must leave my employment in disgrace. Your family has lived with mine for over a hundred years, and here you are plotting against me."

" No, no, sir, it's not against you," said Mrs. Barrymore. She was standing at the door looking paler than her husband.

" We must go, Eliza," said Barrymore. " You go and pack up."

" Oh, John, what have I brought you to ! It's my fault, Sir Henry. He did this on my request," said Mrs. Barrymore.

" Speak out, then ! What does it mean ?" asked Sir Henry.

" My unhappy brother is starving on the moor. This light here means food is ready. The light on the moor tells us where he is," said Mrs. Barrymore.

" Your brother is————— ?" asked Sir Henry.

" Yes, sir, the escaped criminal, Selden," said Mrs Barrymore.

" That's true," said Barrymore. " It wasn't my secret, so I could not tell you. But now you know and you can see it was not a plot against you, sir."

Thus the mystery of Barrymore's night walks was solved. We stared at Mrs. Barrymore and couldn't believe that this respectable woman could have a criminal brother.

" Yes, sir, my name was Selden. He is my younger brother. He was spoiled as a child and as he grew up he fell into bad company. He fell lower and lower and committed crime after crime. After escaping from prison, he came to me. We took him in and looked after him. Then you came, so we sent him off to the moor. Every second night we flash a light and if we get an answer, my husband takes him food. That is the truth," finished Mrs. Barrymore.

" Well, go back to your room and I'll see you in the morning," said Sir Henry.

After they left, we looked out of the window and could still see a speck of the yellow light.

" He couldn't be very far, could he ? " asked Sir Henry. " If he is still there, Watson, I'm going to get him."

I had thought of the same thing. The man was a danger to the community. We were only doing our duty.

"I'll come too," I said.

" Then get your gun and put on your boots. The sooner we start, the better " said Sir Henry.

In five minutes we were out in the dark. As we reached the moor it started drizzling. We walked towards the dim yellow light.

" Are you armed ?" I asked.

" Yes, I have a whip," said Sir Henry.

" We must surround him rapidly and take him by surprise, before he tries to escape," I said.

" I say, Watson," said Sir Henry, " what would Holmes say about this ? How about that hour of darkness in which the power of evil is exalted ?"

As if in answer, at that instant, we heard the strange cry that I had heard when I was with Stapleton. It was a low moan followed by a loud howl. Again and again it came. Sir Henry grabbed my sleeve and said, " What's that, Watson ?"

" I dont't know. I've heard it once before. Stapleton thinks it's some rare bird."

Suddenly all was silent once again. We strained our ears but heard nothing.

" Watson," said the baronet, " it was the cry of a hound. What do the peasants call it ? Tell me, Watson."

" They say it is the cry of the Hound of the Baskerville," I said.

" So, the legend is true and I am in danger. Do you believe it, Watson ? " he asked.

" No, no, " I said.

But I could see that he was really frightened. I asked if we should go back. But he refused. So we continued to look for the escaped convict.

Suddenly, we both saw his savage evil yellow face in the candle light. Something must have made him suspicious because he looked frightened. Before he could escape, we both sprang towards him. Instantly, the convict screamed and hurled a stone at us. He started running down the hill. I wanted to shoot him in the leg, but then decided against shooting at an unarmed man. We ran after him but the distance between us was too great. We watched

him till he disappeared. We sat down on a rock to rest. At that moment a very strange thing happened. In the moonlight, I saw a man standing like a statue on the hill. He stood with his feet apart, his arms folded, his head bowed, as if he were brooding over the moor. He looked like a ghost. He was not the convict. With a cry of surprise, I pointed him out to Sir Henry but in that instant when I had turned to grasp his arm, the man was gone. I wanted to go and search that part of the moor, but the baronet was still a bit afraid and was in no mood for a new adventure.

Such were the adventures last night. I have given you all the facts, some quite irrelevant. But you must decide which facts are

useful to you and which are not. Barrymore's escapades have been solved but the moor is still full of unsolved mysteries. Perhaps, I could tell you more about it in my next report. I wish you could come down here yourself.

Exercise

1. Why does Sir Henry not want Dr. Watson to accompany him when he goes for a walk on the moor ? What does Watson do ?
2. Can you describe briefly what Dr. Watson witnesses from his hiding place ?
3. What explanation does Stapleton give Sir Henry for his rude behaviour ?
4. What is the relationship between the Barrymores and Selden ?
5. Why do Dr. Watson and Sir Henry want to capture Selden ? What happens on the moor ?

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10. EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF DR. WATSON

So far I have been able to quote from the reports that I have been sending Sherlock Holmes. Now, however, I will narrate what I have written in my diary. Some extracts relate to those scenes which are fixed indelibly in my mind. I will continue from the morning which followed our unsuccessful chase of the escaped convict.

October 16th— A dull and foggy day. The baronet is in a nervous state after last night's excitement. I myself am aware of danger which I cannot define. Consider the long sequence of incidents. It all points to some evil around us. The death of Sir Charles fulfils the conditions of the family legend. Peasants around have reported seeing the strange creature on the moor and I myself have twice heard the baying of a hound. Apart from the hound, the man in the cab and the letter in London warning Sir Henry of the moor, are there. The letter, of course, is real—whether it was the work of an enemy or a warning from a friend. Where has this person gone ? Could he be the one I saw on the hill ? Though I have seen him only once, I can swear that he is no one I have seen here. He is a stranger and is pursuing us here just as a stranger pursued us in London. If I can catch this man, it will be the end of our problems. So, from now on I must devote my time to tracking down this man.

At first I thought of telling Sir Henry all my plans but I decided against it.

We had a small scene this morning after breakfast. Barrymore asked to speak to Sir Henry alone. They were closeted in his study for a while and then Sir Henry called me.

" Barrymore thinks it was unfair on our part to hunt his brother-in-law down when he himself told us about him," said Sir Henry.

Barrymore stood there looking very pale.

" If you had told us the truth on your own, it would have been different," said Sir Henry. " Your wife told us and only then were you forced to admit the truth."

" I didn't think you would take advantage of it," said Barrymore .

" The man is a public danger. There are lonely houses all over the moor and Selden is a man who will do anything," said Sir Henry. " No one is safe until he is caught."

" He will not break into anyone's home. To commit a crime will get the police on his tracks again and he will not do any such thing. I assure you, Sir Henry, as soon as arrangements are made he will go to South America," said Barrymore.

" Well, Barrymore— "

" Thank you very much, sir May God bless you. My wife would have died if the police had got him again."

" I think we are aiding a criminal, Watson, but I think we will leave Selden alone. Alright, Barrymore , you may go, " said Sir Henry.

Barrymore thanked us and turned to go, but then came back.

" You have been very kind to me, sir. I would like to tell you something about Sir Charles' death that I have not told anyone," he said.

The baronet and I were both on our feet.

" Do you know how he died ?" asked Sir Henry.

" No, sir. I don't know that. But the night he died, he went to meet a woman at the gate. He had received a letter earlier in the day. It had come from Coombe Tracey and was in a woman's handwriting. I didn't think much about it then. Only a few weeks ago, my wife was cleaning Sir Charles' study, which hadn't been touched since his death. She found a burnt letter. Just a slip of it was not burnt. On it was written : ' Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter and be at the gate by ten O'clock '. It was signed L.L."

" Have you got the slip ? " asked Sir Henry.

" No, sir, it crumbled to bits after we touched it," said Barrymore .

" Do you know who L.L. is ?" asked Sir Henry.

" No, sir," said Barrymore , " but if we find out who she is, we might know more about Sir Charles' death."

" How could you conceal such important information ? Anyway, you may go now," said Sir Henry.

When the butler left, Sir Henry turned to me, " Well, Watson, what do you think of this information ? If we can trace L.L., I'm sure we can clear up this business. What should we do, Watson ?"

" We must tell Holmes about it immediately. I am much mistaken if it does not bring him here." Saying this I went to my room and wrote down my report of the morning's conversation for Holmes. It was evident that he was busy because the notes I received from Baker Street were few and short. I wish he were here.

October 17th — It rained the whole day. I felt sorry for the convict who was out on the cold, bleak and shelterless moor. He surely was receiving punishment for all the crimes he had committed. Then I thought of the other man I had seen on the hill. He too must be out on the moor in this weather. In the evening I put on my raincoat and walked on the wet moor. I reached the small hill where I had seen the solitary watcher. But there was no sign of him at all.

As I walked back I was overtaken by Dr. Mortimer driving in his dog-cart. He insisted on giving me a lift home.

" By the way, Mortimer," I said to him, " you must know all the people living around here. Can you tell me the name of any woman whose initials are L.L. ? "

He thought for a minute and said, " Yes; there is Laura Lyons. She is Frankland's daughter. She lives in Coombe Tracey. She married an artist named Lyons, against her father's wishes, and the man deserted her. Frankland refused to have anything to do with her, as she had married without his consent."

" How does she live ? " I asked.

" I think Frankland gives her a pittance. Her story got around and several people helped her to earn an honest living. Stapleton and Sir Charles also helped her out," he said.

He wanted to know the purpose of my inquiries, but I managed to satisfy his curiosity without telling him too much. Tomorrow morning I shall go and visit Mrs Laura Lyons in Coombe Tracey and try to get some information from her.

One more incident took place on this stormy and melancholy day. I had an interesting conversation with Barrymore.

Mortimer stayed on for dinner. After dinner I retired alone to the library, where Barrymore brought me my coffee. Mortimer and the baronet were playing cards.

"Well," I asked, "has this precious relative of yours gone or is he still lurking on the moor ?"

"I don't know, sir," said Barrymore . "I haven't heard from him since I left him some food three days ago. When I passed that way again, the food was gone."

"So he's still around," I said.

"So you would think, sir," he said, "Unless the other man took it away."

"You also know about this other man then ?" I asked. "Have you seen him ?"

"No, sir," replied Barrymore. "Selden told me about him. He's seen him once or twice. He's a kind of gentleman and lives in one of the stone huts. A lad brings him all he needs and he goes to Coombe Tracey for other things."

"Thank you, Barrymore, we may talk about it again," I said.

When the butler had left, I walked to the window and looked at the moor. I was very angry with the man who lived in the hut. I swore I was going to find out what all this meant.

Exercise

1. Which are the incidents that have made Dr. Watson feel that Sir Henry and he are living in the presence of danger ?
2. "How could you conceal such important information ?" says Sir Henry. What is the information that Barrymore has withheld ? Why does he now share it with Sir Henry ?

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11. THE MAN ON THE HILL

This extract from my private diary forms the last chapter and has brought my narrative up to the 18th of October. Now events are moving rather fast towards their conclusion. The incidents narrated here cannot be rubbed out of my mind. I need no references to tell them.

I had no opportunity to tell Sir Henry about Mrs. Laura Lyons, as Mortimer stayed very late. The next day at breakfast I informed him about my discovery. I asked him if he would accompany me to Coombe Tracey. At first he was eager to come, but then we both decided it would be better if I went alone. I would get more information that way.

When I reached Coombe Tracey, I found out where Laura Lyons lived. A maid showed me in and as I entered I saw a beautiful lady sitting before a typewriter. She asked me what I wanted.

"I know your father," I said, introducing myself. It was a clumsy introduction.

"There is nothing common between my father and me," she said. "I owe him nothing and his friends are not mine. If it were not for the late Sir Charles and several kind hearts, I might have starved."

"Did you know Sir Charles very well ?" I asked. "Did you write to him ?"

"Why do you ask ?" she said sharply.

The object of my questions is to avoid a scandal. If you can answer my questions here, the matter will not go out of our control," I said.

She was silent and her face very pale. At last she looked up and in a reckless and defiant manner said, "I'll answer all the

questions you ask ! Yes, I did write to Sir Charles once or twice to thank him for his kindness and generosity to me. "

" Did you ever meet him ? " I asked.

" Yes, " she said, "once or twice when he came to Coombe Tracey."

" But if you saw him so seldom and wrote to him only a couple of times, how did he know so much about you ? " I asked.

" Several gentlemen. Who knew my sad story got together and helped me. One such is Mr. Stapleton. He has been very kind and it's through him that Sir Charles heard about my story," she said.

" Did you ever write to Sir Charles asking him to meet you ? " I asked.

" No, I never did," she said.

" Did you not send him a letter on the day he died ? I can quote a passage from it. It ran, 'Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter and be at the gate by ten O'clock'," I said.

She turned pale, and I thought she would faint. She recovered though and said, " Is there no such thing as a gentleman ? "

" You do Sir Charles injustice. He did burn the letter, but a part of it was still legible. So, you do confess that you wrote the letter. But why did you ask him to meet you at such an hour ? " I asked.

" I had just heard he was leaving for London the next day and might be away for months. However, I did not keep the appointment," she said.

" Why ? " I asked.

She refused to answer saying it was a private matter. Finally I had to put the fear of the police in her and she told me everything.

" As you know, I married in haste and later regretted it. I had heard that if certain expenses were paid, I could get my freedom. This meant a lot to me, so I thought of asking for Sir Charles' help. I wrote to him making an appointment. But finally I did not go, as I received help in the interval from another source," she said.

" Why didn't you inform Sir Charles about it ? " I asked.

" I would have, had I not seen the news of his death in the papers the next morning," she said.

The woman's story seemed true enough and all my questioning could not shake her. It was unlikely that she was lying about her not going to Baskerville Hall, as such a trip would not have been a secret. But something in her manner told me she was hiding some information. If everything were so simple, and innocent, why should I have to force it out of her ? For the moment I could not proceed in the matter, so my thoughts went to the man on the hill. If I could find him, many of my questions could be answered. So I decided to explore the huts the same night. On the way back to the Hall, I met Mr. Frankland outside his gate. He invited me in for a drink. My feelings towards him were not very friendly after I had heard about his treatment of his daughter, but it was a good opportunity to get some information. I sent the coach home with a message for Sir Henry that I would be home for dinner. Then I followed Frankland to his dining room.

" Life in the village can be exciting," he said rubbing his hands with glee. " I could tell those villagers what they are dying to know, but I will not."

I knew of old Frankland's nature and did not show much interest. This would make him, I thought, give me some more information.

" Did you know about the convict on the moor ? I don't know where exactly he is, but I could help the police catch him. Did you know that the way to catch that man was to find out where his food came from ? I have seen his messenger who takes him his food," said Frankland.

My heart sank for Barrymore. It was a serious thing to be in the power of this spiteful old man. But his next remark relaxed me.

" You'll be surprised that his food is taken to him by a child. I see him through my telescope daily. He goes on the same path at the same time," said Frankland.

Here was luck ! Frankland must have stumbled on the track of the unknown stranger. I didn't show much interest again, hoping his information would save me a long and weary hunt.

" May be it is the son of one of the moorland shepherds, taking his father dinner," I said.

A little bit of opposition made this old man more talkative !

" Indeed ! Can you see that hill there ? " he said pointing to the moor. " It is the stoniest part of the moor. It's absurd to think that a shepherd will take his sheep there."

I meekly admitted my mistake. This made him happy and led him to further confide in me.

" You may be sure that I have very good grounds for forming an opinion. I have seen this boy many times with a bundle. Quick ! Dr. Watson, come and look through my telescope and see for yourself."

I could see a small boy with a bundle, walking slowly up the hill. He looked around to see if anyone was following him and then vanished over the hill.

" Well ! I was right, wasn't I ? " said Frankland.

" Yes, that is a boy who seems to have a secret errand,' I said.

" Yes and I'm sure the police would be interested too, but I'll tell them nothing. And you too, Dr. Watson, must promise not to tell anyone about it," said Frankland.

I assured him that I would tell no one. After some time I left his house and started for home. When I was sure that I was out of his sight, I cut across the moor and walked towards the stony hill over which the boy had disappeared.

The sun was already sinking when I reached the top of the hill. The long slopes below me were golden green on one side and a grey shadow on the other. It was very quiet. The boy was nowhere to be seen. But I could see the circle of stone huts beneath me. Just one of the huts had a bit of roof on it, for protection against bad weather. I got a bit excited. This must be the mysterious stranger's hideaway.

I approached the hut, walking very carefully. The stranger might be somewhere around. My nerves tingled with the sense of adventure. I threw my cigarette down, put my hand on my gun and walked swiftly towards the door. I looked into the hut ; it was empty.

But I had not come to the wrong place. This certainly was the place where the man lived. Some blankets rolled up in a waterproof were lying there. The ashes of a fire were heaped up in a grate. Beside it lay some cooking utensils and a bucket half full of water.

In the centre of the hut, on a flat stone, lay some tinned food and bread. Under them lay a sheet of paper. ' Dr. Watson has gone to Coombe Tracey ' was written on it.

For a minute I stood there with the paper in my hands, thinking what this message could mean. It was me, not Sir Henry, who was being followed by this stranger. He had not followed me himself, but had sent his little boy to track me. Perhaps nothing about me was unknown to this stranger. If there was this one message, I felt sure there would be others. I searched around the hut but did not find anything. I swore I would not leave the hut till I knew more about this man.

Outside, the sun was sinking low and the west was blazing with scarlet and gold. The whole place looked sweet and mellow and peaceful in the evening light. Inside, I sat nervously in the dark of the hut waiting patiently for the stranger to come home.

And then, at last, I heard him. I heard the noise of his boots on the rocks coming closer and closer. I sat in the darkest part of the hut, with the gun held tight in my hand. I wanted to see him before he could see me. There was a long pause which showed that he had stopped. Then, once more the foot steps approached and a shadow fell across the opening of the hut.

" It's a lovely evening, my dear Watson," said a well-known voice. " I really think that you'll be more comfortable outside than in."

Exercise

1. What information does Dr. Watson get from Laura Lyons ?
   Why does he feel that she has not told him the complete truth ?
2. Frankland thinks he has gathered information that the police would be interested in. What is it ?
3. Dr. Watson wants to find out who the mysterious man on the hill is. What does he discover inside the stranger's hide away ? Did you guess who the mysterious stranger is ?

12. DEATH ON THE MOOR

For a moment or two I sat breathless, hardly able to believe my ears. That cold, sharp, ironical voice could belong to only one person in the world.

" Holmes ! " I cried. " Holmes ! "

" Come out," he said, " and please be careful with the gun."

As I came out of the hut I saw Holmes sitting on a stone. He looked amused at my astonishment. He seemed a bit thin and tired but his eyes were as alert as ever. In his tweed suit and cloth cap, he looked like any other tourist on the moor.

" I am so happy to see you," I said as I wrung his hands.

" Or more astonished ? " said Holmes. " Well, you're not the only one surprised. I had no idea you had found my hiding place and were waiting in it for me until I was twenty paces away from the door. When I saw the stub of a cigarette marked ' Bradley, Oxford Street,' I knew my friend Watson was around ! Did you actually think I was a criminal ? "

" I didn't know who you were but I was determined to find out," I said.

" Excellent, Watson ! " said Holmes. " How did you locate me ? Perhaps you saw me on the night of the convict hunt, when I was careless enough to allow the moon to come up behind me."

" Yes, I saw you that night and your boy has been observed too," I said.

" It must be that old gentleman with the telescope," said Holmes. He got up and peeped into the hut. " Ah, Cartwright has brought my supplies. What's this paper ? So, you've been to Coombe Tracey to see Mrs. Laura Lyons ? "

" Yes," I said.

" We both have been working on parallel lines and when I put our notes together, I should have a complete picture of the case," said Holmes.

" Well, I'm glad you are here. The responsibility and all these mysteries were getting too much for my nerves. But how did you come here ? I thought you were working in Baker Street," I said.

" That's what I wanted you to think," said Holmes.

" You have used me and not trusted me ! " I cried.

" My dear fellow, you have been invaluable to me, as you have always been. Forgive me if I have played this trick on you. Had I accompanied you and Sir Henry, our minds would have worked together. And also my presence would have warned our enemy. I've also been able to get about, which I could not have done had I been at the Hall. I will remain unknown till the right moment, " said Holmes.

" Then all my reports have been wasted ! " I said, thinking of all the pain and pride with which I had written them. Holmes took out a bundle of papers from his pocket.

" Here are your reports, Watson. I made arrangements for them to get to me here, though I got them a day late. I must compliment the keenness and intelligence you have shown on a difficult and extraordinary case. Now tell me the results of your visit to Coombe Tracey. "

Sitting in the twilight I told him about my conversation with Laura Lyons.

" This is important information," said Holmes. " It fills a gap which I was unable to fill earlier. Are you aware that Stapleton and Laura Lyons are intimately close ? " asked Holmes.

" No, I didn't know of any intimacy, " I said.

" There's no doubt at all. They meet, they write and they have a certain understanding. This is a useful weapon, we can use it to detach his wife —."

" His wife ? " I looked astonished.

" The lady who passes as his sister, is actually Stapleton's wife," said Holmes.

" Good Heavens, Holmes ! Are you sure ? But why this deception ? " I asked.

" Because she would be more useful to Stapleton as a free woman rather than as his wife," said Holmes.

" So, it is he who is our enemy ! He's the one who followed us in London ! And the warning must have been from her ! " I said. " But how did you know that she is his wife ? "

" Because he gave you a true autobiography on the first day he met you. He was once a schoolmaster in North England. Now, a schoolmaster is easy to trace. After a bit of investigation I found that a school had come to grief under shocking circumstances. The man who owned it had a different name, and disappeared with his wife. The descriptions fitted the Stapletons and when I was told that the missing man was devoted to entomology, the identification was complete."

" If this woman is his wife, where does Laura Lyons come in ? " I asked.

" Your investigation has cleared that point. I didn't know about the projected divorce between her and her husband. And then, since she thinks Stapleton is an unmarried man she hopes to become his wife," said Holmes.

" What happens when she finds out the truth ? " I asked.

" She might help us then. We'll visit her tomorrow. Well, Watson, don't you think you've left your charge alone for a rather long time ? " said Holmes.

It had become dark.

" One last question, Holmes," I said as I rose. " What is Stapleton after ? "

" It's murder, Watson—refined, cold-blooded, deliberate murder. Don't ask me for the particulars. My nets are closing on him, as his are on Sir Henry. With your help, Stapleton is already almost at my mercy. But there is one danger : he may strike before we do. Another day or two and my case will be complete, but until then guard Sir Henry as carefully as you can. I wish you had not left him alone for so long today—Hark ! "

A terrible scream — a long yell of horror and pain — shattered the silence of the moor.

" Oh, my God ! " I gasped. " What is it ? "

We heard the cry again, louder and nearer and more urgent than before. Holmes peered out of the hut and whispered, " Where is it ? " I knew from his voice that the man of iron was shaken to the soul.

" There, I think," I pointed into the darkness.

" No, there ! "

Once again we heard the agonised cry much nearer and louder than before. There was now a new sound mingled with it. A deep, menacing sound which rose and fell like the constant murmur of the sea.

" It's the hound ! " cried Holmes. " Come on, Watson ! Great heavens, if we are too late ! "

Holmes started running towards the moor. I followed him. Suddenly we heard one last despairing yell and a dull thud. Then all was silent once again.

Holmes put his hand to his head anxiously. " He has beaten us, Watson. I was a fool to wait. And you, Watson, see what happens when you leave your charge alone. By heaven, if Sir Henry is dead, we'll avenge him ! "

We ran fast, heading in the direction from where the sounds had come. We heard a low moan on our left. A ridge of rocks ended in a sheer cliff which overlooked a rocky slope. As we ran towards it we saw some dark irregular object. On coming close, we realized that it was the body of a man lying face downwards. The head doubled under him at a horrible angle, the shoulders rounded and the body hunched together as if he were going to somersault. The body was very still as we bent over it. Holmes lit a match and exclaimed in horror — Sir Henry was lying in front of us !

We both remembered the peculiar reddish suit that Sir Henry had worn when he visited us the first time in Baker Street. We saw the same suit in the flickering light of the match.

" Oh, the brute ! " I said with clenched fists. " I'll never forgive myself for leaving him alone."

" I'm more to blame than you, Watson. In order to have a well-rounded and complete case, I've thrown away the life of my client. How was I to know that he would come alone to the moor at night, despite my warning ? " said Holmes in anguish.

" That we should have heard his screams and yet were unable to help him ! Where is this hound ? And where is Stapleton ? He will have to answer for his deeds ! " I said.

"I'll see that he is punished. Both uncle and nephew have been murdered by him. Now then, we must prove the connection between the hound and Stapleton," said Holmes.

We stood on either side of the body overwhelmed by this sudden disaster which had brought all our labours to such a piteous end.

"Well, tomorrow, there'll be plenty to do. Right now, we must take him to the Hall," said Holmes.

"We must send for help, Holmes ! We cannot carry him all the way to the Hall," said I. "Good heavens ! What are you doing ?"

Holmes had uttered a cry and bent over the body. Now he was dancing with joy ! I couldn't imagine him to be the same serious and stern person.

"This man has a beard !" said he. "He is not the baronet. He is the escaped convict." We turned the body over and, sure enough, it was Selden.

Suddenly, it was all clear to me. I remembered that Sir Henry had told me how he had given his old clothes, boots and cap to Barrymore. Of course, Barrymore must have passed them on to Selden. I told Holmes about it.

"So the clothes have been this man's death," said Holmes. "It's clear that the hound had been provided with some article of Sir Henry's — perhaps the boot which went missing in the hotel— and so he's hunted this man down. I wonder how Selden knew that the hound was on his trail. A greater mystery is : why was the hound loose on the moor ? Stapleton would not let it loose unless he had reason to believe that Sir Henry would be here. Well, first of all, let's decide what to do with this body."

"I suggest that we put it in one of the huts till we can tell the police about it."

"Exactly," said Holmes. "Hello, Watson ! Look ! There's Stapleton himself. Not a word to show him our suspicions."

Stapleton came towards us.

"Why, Dr. Watson, whatever are you doing on the moor at this time of the night ? But, dear me, is someone hurt ? It's not Sir Henry, is it ?" said Stapleton as he bent over the dead man. I heard a sharp intake of breath and his cigar fell from his fingers.

"Who is this ?" he stammered.

"It's Selden, the escaped convict," I said.

" Oh dear ! How did he die ? " asked Stapleton.

" He must have fallen over these rocks and broken his neck. My friend and I were strolling on the moor when we heard his cry," I said.

" I too heard the cry and came out. I was a bit uneasy about Sir Henry, " said Stapleton.

" Why about Sir Henry in particular ? " I asked.

" Because I had suggested that he come over. But he didn't. When I heard cries on the moor, I naturally became alarmed for his safety. By the way, did you hear anything other than Selden's cry ? " asked Stapleton.

" No, " said Holmes. " We didn't. Did you ? "

" No," said Stapleton.

" What do you mean then ? " asked Holmes.

" Oh, you know the stories about the hound. It is said to be heard at night on the moor. I was wondering if you'd heard anything, " said Stapleton.

" We did not hear anything," said I.

" Well, what is your theory of this poor fellow's death ? " asked Stapleton.

" I think anxiety and exposure had driven him of his head. He has been running wild on the moor and must have eventually fallen and broken his neck, " I said.

" That seems a reasonable answer," said Stapleton. " What do you think, Mr Sherlock Holmes ? "

Holmes bowed his compliments at being identified. He said, " You are quick at identification."

" Well, we have been expecting you in these parts since Dr. Watson came down. You are in time to see a tragedy," said Stapleton.

" Yes, indeed ! I'll take an unpleasant memory back to London with me tomorrow, " said Holmes.

" Oh, you return tomorrow ? " said Stapleton. " I hope you will solve some of these mysteries which have been puzzling us."

" One cannot always succeed. An investigator must have facts and not legends or rumours. It has been an unsatisfactory case," said Holmes.

" I would suggest taking this body to my house, but my sister would be frightened. It will be safe here till the morning," said Stapleton.

So, we covered the convict's face and, resisting stapleton's hospitality, Holmes and I set off to Baskerville Hall.

" What a nerve he has ! " said Holmes. " How he pulled himself together in the face of what must have been a shock, when he found the wrong man dead ! I told you in London, Watson, that we've never had an enemy more worthy of our steel ! I was sorry he had seen me. But now I think my presence may make him cautious. On the other hand, he might go ahead with his plans at once. Like most clever criminals he is a little too confident and thinks that he has deceived us."

" Why can't we arrest him at once ? " I asked.

" Suppose we did arrest him, what could we prove against him ? If he were acting through a human agent, we could get some evidence. But to drag this legendary dog into the case would make the court laugh at us," said Holmes.

" There is Sir Charles' death," I said.

" He was found dead without a mark on his body. You and I know he died of fright and we know what frightened him. But, do you think the jury would believe it ? " asked Holmes.

" What about tonight ? " I asked.

" There is no direct connection between the hound and the man's death. We never saw the hound. We heard it, but have no proof that it was on Selden's trail. No, Watson, we have no case to present. We will have to depend on what Laura Lyons tells us, after Stapleton's true identity is disclosed to her. And I have a plan of my own. I hope by tomorrow we'll have the upper hand at last," said Holmes.

He said nothing else but walked deep in thought as far as the Baskerville gates. I asked him if he was coming in.

" Yes," said Holmes. " It's no use remaining in concealment any more. But Watson, don't mention the hound to Sir Henry. Let him think that Selden's death was as Stapleton wanted us to believe. He is to dine with them tomorrow, so it's no use frightening him. Also, you must excuse yourself and let him go there alone. And now, I think we are both ready for supper ! "

Exercise

1. " You have used me and not trusted me ! "
   " Then all my reports have wasted ! "

   Both these sentences suggest that Watson is hurt. Why do you think he is hurt ? What explanation does Holmes give for not having 'trusted' Watson ?
2. Sherlock Holmes thinks Laura Lyons might help him once she knows the truth about Stapleton's identity. Why and how will she help him ?
3. Why do Watson and Holmes think that the dead man is Sir Henry ? How do they find out who he really is ?
4. What is Stapleton's immediate reaction when he sees that the dead man is not Sir Henry ? Is he satisfied when Holmes tells him Selden must have died ? Why ?
5. Why cannot Holmes arrest Stapleton immediately ?
6. When did *you* guess that Stapleton is the villain ?

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13. FIXING THE NETS

Sir Henry was more pleased than surprised to see Sherlock Holmes. Over a belated dinner we told the baronet of our experience on the moor. Of course, we did not tell him about the hound. I had the unpleasant duty of breaking the news of Selden's death to the Barrymores. To him it may have been a relief, but Mrs. Barrymore wept bitterly.

" How about the case ? " asked Sir Henry. " Have you been able to solve anything at all ? Watson and I don't seem to understand anything. We have had one experience though. We've heard the hound on the moor and I can swear it is not all superstition. If you can muzzle this dog and chain him, I'll proclaim you the greatest detective of all time ! "

" I think I can catch this hound if you help me, " said Holmes.

" I'll do whatever you tell me to do," said the baronet.

" Good ! If you do all I ask you to do without asking any questions, I think our case will be solved very soon. I have no —".

Holmes suddenly stopped talking and stared over my head at the wall.

" What is it ? " we both cried.

As he looked down I could see that he was trying hard to control his emotions.

" Excuse the admiration of a connoisseur ", he said. " This series of portraits is very fine. I suppose they are all family portraits ? "

" Everyone," said Sir Henry.

" I suppose you know their names. Who is this cavalier opposite me – the one with the black velvet and the lace ? " asked Holmes.

" Ah, him ! I think you should know about him. He is the wicked Hugo who started the Hound of the Baskervilles. We're not likely, to forget him," said Sir Henry.

" He does seem a quiet and meek man though his eyes look evil," said Holmes.

Holmes did not say anything more about the picture again, but appeared quite fascinated by it. During dinner he stared at it quite often. Later when Sir Henry had gone to his room, Holmes took me back to the banquet-hall. He had a candle in his hand, which he held up against the portrait.

" Do you see anything there ? " he asked me.

I looked hard at the portrait. Hugo's face looked very severe, prim and hard. He had a firm-set, thin-lipped mouth and cold, intolerant eyes. He had on a plumed hat, curling love-locks on either side of his face and a white lace collar.

" Does he remind you of anyone ? " asked holmes.

" His jaws look a bit like Sir Henry's," I said.

" Very slightly," said Holmes. " But wait ! "

He stood on the chair, held the candle in his left hand and curved his right arm over the broad hat and round the ringlets.

" Good heavens ! " I cried. " That's Stapleton ! "

" Ah ! Now you see it ! My eyes have been trained to examine faces, not their trimmings. This fellow Stapleton is a Baskerville, and he wants his inheritance. This picture has

supplied us with one of our most obvious links. We've got him now, Watson ! He can't escape us," said Holmes.

I was up early in the morning but Holmes had got up before me. I saw him coming up the drive while I was dressing.

" I've sent a report from Grimpen to Princetown, informing them of Selden's death. Also, I've got in touch with Cartwright, who will be worrying about me. Now we must see Sir Henry," said Holmes. " Ah, here he is ! "

" Good morning, Holmes," said the baronet. " What are our plans now ? "

" Well, I understand that you are to dine with the Stapletons tonight ? " said Holmes.

" Yes. I hope you will also accompany us. They are very hospitable people and will want to meet you too," said Sir Henry.

" I'm afraid Watson and I have to go back to London immediately," said Holmes.

" To London ! " exclaimed Sir Henry. " I thought you were going to see me through this business. The Hall and the moor are not very pleasant places to be alone in."

" My dear fellow, you must trust me and do exactly what I tell you. Tell the Stapletons that Watson and I have returned to London on some urgent business. We hope to be back soon. Don't forget to give them this message. One more thing, Sir Henry. I would like you to drive to Merripit House. Send your trap back, however. And let the Stapletons know that you intend to walk home," said Holmes.

" To walk across the moor, at night ! " cried Sir Henry. " But that's exactly what you've told me not to do."

" This time you can do it without any fear. I'm confident that you can do it and it is essential that you should do it," said Holmes.

" Then I will do it," said the baronet.

" However, if you value your life, do not go across the moor in any direction save along the path that leads from Merripit House to Grimpen Road," said Holmes.

" I will do what you say," said Sir Henry.

" Good ! Watson and I will leave soon after breakfast. We are going to Coombe Tracey on the way. " Watson will leave his things here to assure you that he will be back," said Holmes.

I was very surprised with Holmes' programme. I did remember Holmes telling Stapleton the previous night that he would leave for London but I did not know that I was to go with him. Nor did I understand how we could both be away at such a dangerous time, leaving Sir Henry all alone. Of course, I could not argue with Holmes over this. So, we bade our friend goodbye and in a couple of hours we were at the Coombe Tracey station. A small boy was waiting for us at the station.

" Any orders, sir ? " he asked.

" Yes, Cartwright. Take this train to town. As soon as you reach London, send a telegram to Sir Henry in my name to say that if he finds the pocket book which, I think, I've left behind, he is to send it by registered post to Baker Street."

" Yes, sir," said Cartwright.

" And ask at the station office if there is a message for me, please," said Holmes.

The boy returned with a telegram which Holmes handed to me. It ran : ' Telegram received. Coming down with unsigned warrant. Arrive five-forty — LESTRADE.'

" That is in answer to my telegram sent in the morning," said Holmes. " He is the best police officer around. We might need his help. Now, Watson, it's time we visited Mrs. Laura Lyons."

I slowly began to understand his plan. He would use the baronet to convince the Stapletons that we were in London, while we would actually return at the moment we were needed.

That telegram from London, if mentioned by Sir Henry to the Stapletons, would remove any suspicions they may still have.

Mrs. Laura Lyons was in her office. Sherlock Holmes' directness and frankness surprised her. He came straight to the point.

" I'm investigating the circumstances which led to the death of Sir Charles Baskerville," said Holmes. " My friend, Watson, has passed on all the information you gave him. However, he tells me that you have withheld some vital information."

" What have I withheld ? " asked Laura Lyons defiantly.

" You have confessed that you asked Sir Charles to meet you at the gate at 10 O' clock. We know that that was the place and hour of his death. What you have not told us is how these events are connected."

" There is no connection," she said firmly.

" In that case it's a rather extraordinary coincidence. But I think we will find the connection after all. Frankly, Mrs. Lyons, we regard this case as murder, and the evidence may implicate not only your friend, Mr. Stapleton, but also his wife."

Mrs. Lyons sprang from her chair. " His *wife* ! " she cried.

" It's no longer a secret," said Holmes. " The person who has passed for his sister is actually his wife."

" His wife ! " she said again. " He is not a married man ! Prove it to me. And if you can...! " Her fierce eyes said more than words.

" I have come prepared to do so," said Holmes as he drew several papers from his pocket. " Here is a photograph

of the couple taken in York four years ago. It is endorsed " Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur " but I'm sure you will recognize them. Here are three written descriptions by trustworthy witnesses of Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur, who at that time kept St. Oliver's private school. Read them, and see if you can doubt their identity."

She glanced at them and then looked at us desperately.

" Mr. Holmes," she said, " this man offered to marry me if I divorced my husband. Why has he lied to me ? But now I see that I was nothing more than a tool in his hands. Why should I be faithful to him when he has betrayed me ? Why should I protect him from the consequences of his own wicked acts ? Ask me what you like, Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything ! One thing I do swear to you : when I wrote the letter, I never dreamed of any harm to the old gentleman. He had been my kindest friend."

" I believe you, madam," said Sherlock Holmes. " To recite the events will be painful to you. Perhaps, it will be easier if I tell you what occurred, and you can then correct me if I make any mistakes. The sending of this letter was suggested to you by Stapleton ? "

" He dictated it," she said.

" I suppose he said that you would receive help from Sir Charles for the legal expenses connected with your divorce. And after you had sent the letter he asked you not to keep the appointment ? " asked Holmes.

" He said it would hurt his self-respect if any other man paid these expenses for me. Even though he was poor, he said, he would use his last penny to help me," said Mrs. Lyons.

" And then you heard nothing until you read the reports of Sir Charles' death in the papers ? " asked Holmes.

" No."

" And he made you swear that you would say nothing about your appointment with Sir Charles ? " asked Holmes.

" He did. He said that the death was very mysterious and that I would certainly be suspected if the facts were known. He frightened me into being silent."

" Did you suspect him ? " asked Holmes.

She hesitated and said, " I knew him, but if he had been faithful to me, I would have stood by him."

" I think you have had a fortunate escape," said Holmes. " You have had him in your power and he knew it, but still you are alive. Well, thank you and good morning to you, Mrs. Lyons. You will probably hear from us again."

That evening we waited for the train from London to come in. " Our case is nearly finished, Watson," said Holmes. " I shall soon be able to solve and present it. I shall be very surprised if it is not cleared before we go to bed tonight."

The London express came roaring into the station and Lestrade jumped out. We all three shook hands.

" Anything good ? " asked Lestrade.

" The biggest thing for years ! " said Holmes. " We still have two hours to start. I think we should have some dinner and then, Lestrade, we will give you a breath of the pure night-air of Dartmoor. Never been there ? Well, I don't think you'll ever forget your first visit ! "

Exercise

1. Sherlock Holmes appears to be very interested in Hugo Baskerville's portrait. Why ? Does Watson immediately realize what Holmes is trying to suggest ?
2. Does Sherlock Holmes really intend going back to London ? What does he tell the baronet to do ?
3. Why does Holmes ask Cartwright to send a telegram to Sir Henry from London ?
4. What is Laura Lyons' reaction when Holmes tells her that Stapleton is a married man ? What information does she give him ?

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14. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

One of Sherlock Holmes' defects was that he did not like to tell anyone about his plans until they were fulfilled. This was part of his nature, which loved to dominate and surprise those around him. Also, I suppose his professional caution did not allow him to confide fully in anyone. Of course, this was very trying for his agents and assistants. I have often suffered under it, but never more so than during our long drive in the darkness. I felt the cold wind on my face, and the dark and empty spaces on either side of the road told me that we were back on the moor.

We could not talk much about the case due to the presence of the coach driver. I was relieved once we had passed Frankland's house and were nearing the Hall. We got off near the gates and sent the coach back to Coombe Tracey. Then we started walking towards Merripit House.

" Are you armed, Lestrade," asked Holmes.

The police detective smiled and said, " Yes."

" Good ! Watson and I are also ready for emergencies," said Holmes.

" You are very secretive about this case, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade.

" It's a waiting game," said Holmes.

" It is a rather gloomy place," said Lestrade with a shiver. " I can see the lights of a house ahead of us."

" Yes ! That is Merripit House and the end of our journey." said Holmes. " Please walk on tiptoe and whisper."

We moved cautiously along the track, but Holmes stopped us two hundred yards from the house.

" We'll wait here," he said. " We'll hide behind these rocks and make our ambush at the right time. Lestrade, you get into this hollow. You know the house and place well, Watson. Creep forward quietly and see what they are doing — but don't let them know that they are being watched ! "

I tiptoed down the path and stooped behind the low wall. Creeping in the dark, I reached a point from where I could look straight through the uncurtained window.

Sir Henry and Stapleton were sitting at a table smoking. There was coffee and wine on the table. Stapleton was talking and seemed very excited.

The baronet lookd very pale and did not seem to be paying any attention to Stapleton. May be, the thought of the lonely walk across the moor was weighing heavily on his mind. As I watched

them, Stapleton left the room while Sir Henry filled his glass again and leaned back. I heard a door creaking and the sound of boots on gravel. I saw Stapleton open a lock and enter an outhouse. There was a curious scuffling noise inside. A minute later I heard the key turn once again, and Stapleton went back to the house. I crept back to my companions and told them all I had seen.

" You mean the lady is not in there, Watson ? " asked Holmes.

" No," I said.

I wonder where she can be," said Holmes. " There is no light in any other room except in the kitchen."

"I can't think where she is," I said.

A dense, white fog was moving slowly in our direction and settled like a wall on the Grimpen Mire. Holmes muttered impatiently as he saw it drifting in our direction.

" It's moving towards us, Watson," he said.

" Is it serious ? " I asked.

" Very," said Holmes. " The one thing that can spoil my plans. Sir Henry should be out now, it's already ten O' clock. Our success and even his life depends on his coming out before the fog settles on the path."

The night was clear and fine above us. The stars shone bright and the moon bathed the whole scene in its soft light. But every minute the fog was moving closer to the house.

" If he is not out in fifteen minutes, the fog will be over the path and we will be unable to see anything. Let's move on to higher grounds but not too far. Hark ! I can hear him," said Holmes as he put his ears to the ground.

The sound of quick steps broke the silence of the moor. Crouching among the stones we stared into the fog. The steps grew louder and then Sir Henry stepped out of the fog. He looked around in surprise as he emerged into the clear starlit night. He walked swiftly along the path, passed close to where we lay and went up the slope behind us. As he walked he glanced continually over his shoulders, like a man who is ill at ease.

" Hist ! " cried Holmes, and I heard the sharp click of a pistol cocking. " Look out ! It's coming ! "

There was a thin, crisp continuous patter from somewhere. The fog was about forty metres away from us and we stared into it with fear. I was at Holmes' elbow and a glance at his face showed me that he was pale. But his eyes were shining brightly. Suddenly, Holmes gave a start and his lips parted in amazement. At the same moment Lestrade yelled in terror and threw himself face downwards on the ground. I sprang to my feet, pistol in hand and stared at the dreadful shape which had sprung on us from the fog. It was a hound. An enormous black hound, but one that no human had ever seen. Fire burst from its mouth, its eyes glowed with a smouldering glare and its muzzle and dewlap were outlined in flickering flame. Never has anyone in his dreams ever seen such a savage, more appalling and more hellish creature than the dark form which sprang out of the fog.

With long bounds the huge creature leapt towards Sir Henry. We were so shocked that we let it pass us before we recovered our nerve. Then Holmes and I both fired and the hound gave a hideous howl. At least one of us had hit him, but that did not stop him. He bounded onwards. Far away on the path we saw Sir Henry turn round, his face white, his hands raised in horror, staring helplessly at the approaching hound.

But that cry of pain from the hound made our fear disappear. If he was vulnerable, he was mortal, and if we could wound him, we could kill him. Never have I seen a man run as Holmes ran that night. As we flew up the track, we could hear scream after scream from Sir Henry and the deep roar of the hound. I was in time to see the hound spring on its victim, throw him to the ground and reach for his throat. But the next instant

Holmes had emptied five barrels of his gun into the hound. With a last howl of pain and a vicious snap in the air it rolled on its back, four feet pawing furiously, and then it fell limp on its side. I bent down and pressed my gun to its head, but it was not necessary as the giant hound was already dead.

Sir Henry lay unconscious where he had fallen. We tore away his collar, and Holmes breathed a prayer of gratitude when we saw that there was no wound. We had saved him in time. Already, Sir Henry's eyelids shivered and he tried to move. Lestrade thrust his brandy bottle between the baronet's teeth.

" My God, Holmes ! " he whispered. " What was it ?"

" It's dead, whatever it is," said Holmes. " We have killed the family ghost once and for ever."

A terrible creature lay in front of us. Even now his huge jaws seemed to be dripping with a bluish flame. His small cruel eyes were ringed with fire. I put my hand on its glowing muzzle and as I held my fingers up they glowed in the night.

" Phosphorus," I said.

" A very clever preparation," said Holmes. " There is no smell which might have interfered with his power of scent. We are sorry, Sir Henry, for having exposed you to such fear. I was prepared for a hound, not for a creature like this. Also, the fog gave us little time to receive him."

" You have saved my life! " said Sir Henry.

" Having first endangered it," said Holmes. " Can you stand ? "

" Give me another mouthful of brandy," said Sir Henry. " Now, if you will help me up. What are you going to do now ?"

" We'll leave you here. If you wait, one of us will go to the Hall with you," said Holmes.

He tried to get up but staggered. We helped him to a rock where he sat with his face buried in his hands.

" We'll leave you now," said Holmes. " We have got our case, but not the man. We must not delay and let him get away. I doubt if he'll be at his house. He must have heard the shots and got away."

" We were far away. Perhaps, he didn't hear them through the fog " I said.

" He would have followed, to call the hound off, " said Holmes. " No, he must have gone by now, but let's check the house once."

The front door was open, so we rushed in and searched the place. There was no sign of Stapleton. One bedroom on the upper floor was locked.

" There is someone in there," said Lestrade. " I heard a noise."

Holmes kicked the door open and we moved in with guns in hand. But there was no sign of Stapleton there. Another object caught our eye and we stared at it in amazement.

This room was a sort of museum of insects and butterflies. In the centre of the room there was a beam and to it a figure was tied. We quickly opened the bonds and tore off the gag and Mrs. Stapleton sank to the floor. As her head fell on her chest I saw the red mark of a whip lash across her neck. " The brute"! said Holmes. " Here, Lestrade, give her some brandy. She's fainted."

" Is he safe ? " she asked when she recovered. " Has he escaped ? "

" He cannot escape us, madam," said Holmes.

" No, I don't mean my husband. Sir Henry? Is he safe ? " she asked.

" Yes."

" And the hound ? " she asked.

" It is dead," said Holmes.

" Thank God ! Oh, the villain ! See how he's treated me," she said, showing us her arms. We stared in horror. Her arms were bruised terribly.

" You bear him no goodwill, madam," said Holmes. " Tell us where we can find him and atone if you have ever helped him in his evil work."

" He must have fled to an old tin mine on an island in the Grimpen Mire. He kept his hound there too. He had prepared the place to hide there," she said.

The fog was very dense and it was evident we could do nothing till it lifted. We left Lestrade in charge of the house, while Holmes and I went back with Sir Henry to Baskerville Hall. We could not hide the truth about the Stapletons from him. He was devastated by Mrs. Stapleton's deception, by the betrayal of the woman he had loved. The shock of the night's adventure had shattered him and he lay delirious with fever. Dr. Mortimer attended on him a few hours later.

On the morning after the death of the hound, Mrs. Stapleton led us to a path which went into the heart of the Mire. She led us on to her husband's tract with such eagerness that we realized how cruel he must have been to her. We left her standing on a narrow strip of firm ground. From here we could see a small wand planted here and there. It showed where the path

zigzagged from tuft to tuft of rushes in the Mire. One false step and we would have been in the quagmire. Only once we saw a trace that someone had passed that way before us. A dark object was projecting amidst a tuft of cotton grass. Holmes stepped off the path to get it and sank to his waist. Had we not been there to pull him up he would have died. He held up an old black boot.

" It's Sir Henry's black boot," he said.

" Thrown away by Stapleton in his flight " I asked.

" Exactly. He must have had it in his hand after using it to set the hound on the baronet's track. When he realized the game was up, he must have run still clutching it. He must have thrown it away at this point of his flight. We know that he came at least this far in safety."

But more than that we were never destined to know, though there was very much we might guess. There was no chance of finding footsteps in the Mire. However, as we reached firmer ground beyond the Mire, we looked around eagerly but did not find any. It seemed Stapleton never reached the island he had prepared for his refuge. Somewhere in the heart of the great Grimpen Mire, this cold and cruel-hearted man is forever buried.

Exercise

1. Can you describe what Watson sees through the window in Merripit House ? Who is not in the room ?
2. " Hist, look out ! It's coming." Who is Holmes refering to ? Can you describe briefly what happens next ?
3. Where does Mrs. Stapleton take Watson and Holmes the next morning ? Do they find Stapleton ? What has happened to him ?

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15. A RETROSPECTION

It was the end of November. The night was raw and foggy. Holmes and I sat on either side of a blazing fire in our sitting room in Baker Street. We were discussing the details of the Baskerville mystery. Sir Henry and Dr. Mortimer were in London on their way to that long voyage which had been suggested for Sir Henry's recovery. They had visited us earlier in the afternoon, so naturally we were discussing this particular case.

" The case from Stapleton's point of view was simple and direct. In the beginning because we did not know the motives of his actions and could learn only part of the facts, it seemed a very complex case. I have had two conversations with Mrs. Stapleton and now the case is completely solved," said Holmes.

" Do you think you can give me a summary of the case from memory ? " I asked.

" Certainly," said Holmes. " But I cannot guarantee giving you all the facts. You can suggest anything I may have forgotten."

" My inquiries proved right that Stapleton was indeed a Baskerville. He was the son of Rodger Baskerville, the younger brother of Sir Charles, who fled to South America to escape prosecution for several crimes. He was believed to have died unmarried, but he did marry and have a son. This son, also named Rodger, married Beryl, a beautiful woman from Costa Rica. After stealing a lot of public money, he changed his name to Vandeleur and fled to England, where he opened a school in Yorkshire. The school began well, but later lost all its reputation. The Vandeleurs then changed their name to Stapleton. He brought the remains of his fortune, his evil schemes and his taste for entomology, to South England.

" He then made inquiries and found out that only two lives came between him and the Baskerville fortune. When he went to Devonshire his plans were hazy, but that he had meant mischief from the outset was evident from the way in which he took his wife with him pretending she was his sister. He had already decided to use her as a decoy, but how — that he had not as yet planned. His first task, however, was to settle himself near his ancestral home. Next, of course, was to cultivate friendship with Sir Charles Baskerville and the neighbours.

" Sir Charles himself told him about the family hound and thus prepared the way for his own death. Stapleton had already heard from Dr. Mortimer that the baronet was a heart patient. He had also heard that Sir Charles believed in this family legend. So his ingenious mind immediately started planning Sir Charles' death.

" Having conceived the idea, he proceeded to carry it out with finesse. An ordinary schemer would have used an ordinary savage hound. But Stapleton used artificial means to make this creature look diabolical. He bought the dog from a reputed dealer in London. It was the strongest and most savage in their possession. He brought it by the North Devon railway line so that people would not see it, and hid it on an island in the Grimpen Mire.

" Now he had to wait for a chance to put his plan into action. He lurked around the moor several times with this dog but did not get a chance to attack Sir Charles. It was on these fruitless occasions that the peasants had seen the hound and began to believe in the legend. He had hoped that his wife would help him in his evil plan, but she refused. Threats and blows did not make her help him. Thus, for some time Stapleton was at a deadlock.

" Then he found a way. By presenting himself as a bachelor, he influenced Mrs. Laura Lyons. He promised to marry her if she divorced her husband. But then he heard from Dr. Mortimer that Sir Charles was leaving the Hall and going to London. He had to act at once. He, therefore, forced Mrs. Lyons to write that letter to Sir Charles and then later persuaded her not to keep the appointment. Thus he got the chance he had been waiting for.

" He got back from Coombe Tracey in time to paint the dog with phosphorus and bring him to the gate. The hound incited by its master, sprang over the gate and ran after Sir Charles, who ran screaming in terror down the Yew Alley. At the end of the Alley Sir Charles had a heart attack and collapsed. The hound had stayed on the grassy path, that is why no other footprints apart from Sir Charles' were seen. On seeing him lying so still, the dog must have sniffed him but finding him dead turned away. It was then that it left its footprint which Dr. Mortimer saw. The hound was called off and taken back to Grimpen Mire, and a mystery had been created.

" Now, you can see how cunningly this plan was made and carried out. It would really have been impossible to make a case against the murderer. His only accomplice, the hound, could never betray him. Both the women involved in this case were suspicious about him. Mrs. Stapleton knew about his plans and the hound. Mrs. Laura Lyons knew neither of these things but did have her suspicions. Both, however, would not betray him as they were under his influence.

" Possibly Stapleton did not know about the existence of an heir in Canada. When he learnt from Dr. Mortimer about the arrival of Sir Henry Baskerville, his first idea was to kill him in London itself. Since he did not trust his wife, he did not want to

leave her alone. So he brought her to London with him and they stayed at a private hotel. He kept his wife imprisoned in her room,while he followed Dr. Mortimer to Baker Street and then to Northumberland Hotel. His wife had guessed what he was up to, but she dared not warn Sir Henry. She was very frightened of her husband. So, she adopted the expedient of cutting out words from the newspaper and sending the letter to warn Sir Henry about the danger he was in.

" It was essential for Stapleton to get some article of Sir Henry's in case he had to use the dog. Here, the chambermaid was bribed to help him. She brought him the new boot, which was useless for Stapleton's plan. So he had it put back and obtained the old one — a most instructive incident. I immediately concluded that we were dealing with a real hound. No other supposition could explain why one would want an old boot.

" The next day when Sir Henry and Dr. Mortimer visited us, Stapleton followed them in the cab. I am inclined to think that Stapleton's career of crime was not limited to this single Baskerville affair. We had an example of his readiness of resource that morning when he got away from us so successfully and also of his boldness in sending back my own name to me through the cabman. He had realized that I had taken over the case and there was no chance for him there, so he returned to Dartmoor and awaited Sir Henry's arrival."

" One moment," said I. " You have described every thing correctly, but one point is unexplained. What happened to the hound, when its master was away in London ? "

" I am sure Stapleton had a confidant. It is unlikely, however, that he, Stapleton, told him his full plans. There was an

old manservant at Merripit House. He had known the Stapletons for many years. I have seen this man cross the Grimpen Mire by the path Stapleton had marked out. Possibly, he looked after the hound when his master was away, though he may never have known the purpose for which the beast was used. This man has disappeared from the country.

" The Stapletons then went back to Devonshire. Later, Sir Henry and you followed. One word now as to how I myself stood at that time. You will remember that I examined the paper on which the printed words had been stuck. In doing so, I got a faint smell of jasmine. The perfume suggested that a lady was involved and already my thoughts turned towards the Stapletons. Now I was sure that a hound was involved and guessed who the murderer was.

" Hence, I had to watch Stapleton. This I could not have done if I had accompanied you and stayed at the Hall. It would have put Stapleton on his guard. I came there secretly and stayed at Coombe Tracey. I used the hut on the moor only when it was necessary. Cartwright stayed with me, disguised as a country boy. I depended on him for food and clean linen. When I watched Stapleton, Cartwright kept an eye on you. This way I knew all that was happening.

" I have already told you that your reports were immediately forwarded from Baker Street to Coombe Tracey. They were very useful, especially the piece about Stapleton's biography. I was able to identify the couple and knew at last how I stood. The case did become a bit complicated through the incident of the escaped convict and Barrymore's night walks. But you cleared that up very effectively.

" By the time you discovered me on the moor I had solved the mystery, but had no case to present to the jury. Even Stapleton's attempt on Sir Henry's life on the night the convict died did not give us enough proof. There was no alternative but to catch him red-handed. To do so, we had to use Sir Henry, alone and apparently unprotected, as a bait. We did so and, at the cost of a severe shock to our client, succeeded in completing our case and driving Stapleton to his death. That Sir Henry should have been exposed to this danger, I confess, I am to blame. But I did not expect to see such a diabolical and monstrous beast, nor could I have predicted the fog which enabled the hound to burst on us at such short notice. We succeeded in our aim at a cost which both the specialist and Dr. Mortimer assure me will be a temporary one. A long journey may enable our friend to recover not only from his shattered nerves but also from his wounded feelings. His love for the lady was deep and sincere, and to him the saddest part of all this black business was that he should have been deceived by her.

" Now it only remains to indicate the part which she played throughout. There is no doubt that Stapleton had an influence over her. It could have been love or fear, or possibly both. But it was absolutely effective. At his command she consented to pass as his sister. But as he could make her a direct accessory to murder, she tried to warn Sir Henry. Stapleton himself seems to have been capable of jealousy when he saw the baronet courting the lady. Though it was part of his plan, he could not help interrupting with an outburst which revealed his fiery soul. By encouraging the intimacy he made sure that Sir Henry came to Merripit House very often, hoping to get the opportunity he desired. On the day of the crisis, however, his wife turned against him. She had heard of the convict's death and she also

knew that the hound was being kept in the outhouse on the evening that Sir Henry was coming to dinner. She accused her husband of attempting murder. There was a furious scene and for the first time he told her that she had a rival in his love. Her faithfulness turned in an instant to hatred, and he saw that she would betray him. Thus he tied her up, giving her no chance to warn Sir Henry. He hoped that when Sir Henry's death was put down to the curse of his family, as they certainly would do, he could win his wife back. She would then accept an accomplished fact and keep silent. Here, Stapleton did make a miscalculation. Had we not been there, he would still have been doomed. A woman of Spanish blood does not forgive so lightly ! And now, my dear Watson, I cannot give a more detailed account of this case without referring to my notes. "

" He could not have hoped to frighten Sir Henry to death as he had done in Sir Charles' case, " I said.

" The beast was savage and half starved. If its appearance did not frighten its victim to death, at least it would paralyze the resistance which might have been offered, " said Holmes.

" No doubt. But there is one difficulty. If Stapleton did come into succession, how could he explain the fact that he, the heir, had been living under another name so close to the property ? How could he claim it without causing suspicion ? "

" It is a formidable difficulty, and I'm afraid you ask too much when you expect me to solve it. The past and present are within my scope, but what a man may do in future is a hard question to answer. Mrs. Stapleton has heard her husband discuss this problem several times. There were three possible courses. He could have claimed the property from South America. He could

establish his identity before the British authorities there, and obtain the fortune without coming to England at all. Secondly, he could have adopted an elaborate disguise during the short time he needed to be in London. Or, he could have furnished an accomplice with proofs and papers, putting him in as an heir and retaining a claim on part of the fortune. No doubt, knowing him, he would have found some way out of the difficulty. And now, my dear Watson, we have had some weeks of severe work, and for one evening we can think of more pleasant things. I have a box for the opera. Might I trouble you then to be ready in half an hour, and we can stop for a little dinner on the way ?"

Exercise

1. Who was Stapleton ? Why did he want to wipe out the rest of the Baskerville family ?
2. Where did Stapleton buy the hound ? How did he bring it to **Devonshire** ? Where did he hide it ? How did he manage to make it look diabolical ?
3. Did Mrs. Stapleton help her husband in his scheme to kill Sir Charles ? Whose help did Stapleton then seek ?
4. At what point in the story did Holmes get suspicious about the Stapletons ? How did he know that he was dealing with a real hound ?
5. Holmes devised a plan to catch Stapleton red-handed. What were the two things he did not foresee ?
6. If Stapleton had succeeded in his evil plan and inherited Baskerville Hall, how would he have proved his innocence ?

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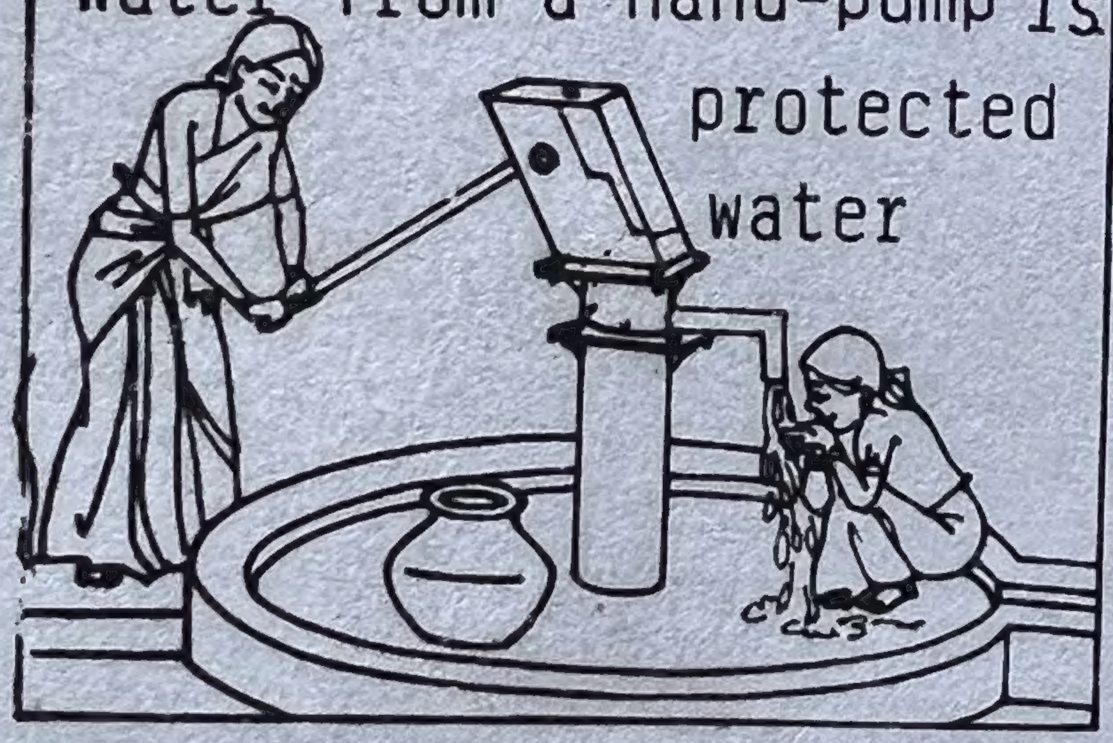
protected
water



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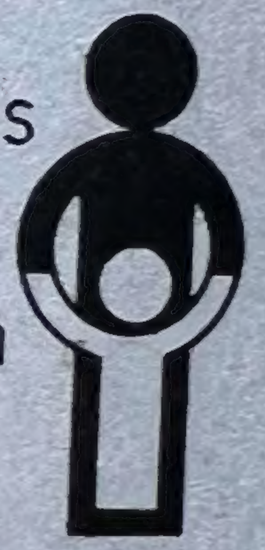

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